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THE MIDLANDERS

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

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CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

So the next day they piled old traps and boxes and blankets and hound, pups and the five wooden legs of Captain Tinkletoes as keepsakes, into the John-boat and set off to find the land of joy with music names. South and east through brilliant wildernesses, poling through lily jams, sailing swamp lakes, paddling salt marshes. Shrimp camps, oyster platforms, terrap'n hunters of Grand Isle—they wandered and worked, and Aurelie came to know other children of all hues and races, and at the island balls learned to dance with orange blossoms in her hair. The murmur of the sea was in her ears, the moonlight on the oaks in her eyes, and with the droning Creole violins she awakened to gaiety, losing the droll seriousness of a savage. Also, for the first time she had her face washed cleanly—by the storekeeper's wife who knew then she was not of the undecipherable Chino-Spanic:-Filipino breed of the shrimp platform villages. But when the balls were over, a shifty-eyed and suspicious savage woman took Aurelie and led her off to their ragged tent Always, through the blur of queer faces—black, brown, yellow, white—Aurelie remembered the watchful love in the eyes of the basket maker and of Uncle Michigan. Always, for these were what she knew of love!

From the gulf coast islands they went west and north, and in the years the child became a girl, slender, lithe, swift—keen of eye on a deer trail, trapping the mink and raccoons, following the wild bees' flight, weaving baskets with strong brown fingers to lure the shrimp from under the lilies, balancing herself to shoot in a ticklish "running pirogue" that would steal through the swamps where a heavier hunter dared not follow. Thus she grew, with never a qualm for the blood of the hunted nor a doubt of the Maker's intent. But at 12 she was a woman, blithe and unthinking and kind hearted, without fear, without guile.

Perhaps!

At any rate, one day, censured by the Indian woman, she stole from camp, swam the Grand River with her sandy little gown tucked in a knot on her head, dressed in the woods and appeared at a cajun ball—with a wild hyacinth in her hair. She danced and laughed and bewildered the woodsmen, pretending to know no English when the Yankees addressed her, and no French when spoken to her in that tongue. But standing in the heated "ball room," she sang a barbaric song the Indian woman had taught her, posed with an odd theatric fancy, and then ran away leaving them gaping.

When she swam to the john boat at dawn and put her hand upon Michigan's as he fished, he started, tried to swear helplessly and stopped.

"But ain't I growed up now?" she laughed.

"Damme! How we goin' to do if you get that-a-way?"

"Which-a-way?" And she drew up her naked little body, poised on the boat, pressed her hands over her swelling breasts, and stared to the north. "Michigan, when air we goin' to see all the states and lands with the music names you tell of?"

"Aurelie, you air gettin' to be such a big girl and such a pretty girl as dunno if we ought to let you see all them countries."

"Then I'll run off and see 'em myself!"

But at last they came out on the mighty river that Michigan had not seen since he left his leg at Vicksburg; and another year found them at Memphis among the shanty boat folks. Then a government dredge towed them up river, the Bia woman cooking for the crew. The men used to watch a child who, from her house boat deck, would put a bit of tinsel or a flower in her hair and stare down in the water to admire the picture, or would smooth her gipsy dress over her hips, unnoticing her audience. If they hailed her she pretended not to hear them. They would not believe she was but 13, so tropically primal was her womanhood, so tantalizingly wise her reserve.

So, up the great river of her dreams they went for months and months. Then, one night on the Minnesota shore, the dredge burned, and Uncle Michigan cut the boat house loose. It bumped on down the river again to come aimlessly adrift in a pocket of the Iowa hills. There it stuck, and all the dreamy summer the weeds and sands thickened about until it could drift no more.

And one day the exiles climbed a nearby hill to look down on a town buried in September maples; a decent church spire here and there, the clock tower of the court house in the square, and farmer folk driving homeward.

On this prosy common day of the northern midlands, Aurelie, with the good humored curiosity of a savage, looked down for her first glimpse of an ordered life. Out of the sweet and heavy richness of the corn bloom and the sugar trees, from a white house, half hidden, came a piano's notes, the first she had ever heard. "Done come! Michigan, I reckon we She clapped her little brown hands. found some of them states and countries with the music names. We-all come to the land o' joy!"

CHAPTER II.

When I Was a Kid.

In September, looking from the court house square of Rome, one sees the ripening corn like a bronze shield on the hills which close every street and beyond the arching sugar trees. The bottoms, too, are choked by the last of the corn, and the church spires and the ragged sycamore along the roadside rise out of this opulent sea from the river to the bluffs as if drowning in the perfume of the tassels. These west bluffs alone seem to evade the conquest; one sees a road winding up a red gap among groves of oak, hickory, walnut; with the crimson sumac and alders showing a lighter soil, the upland croppings of shale, clay and stony ridges. Here one has glimpses of clover and oat stubble, rounded stacks, barns, windmills, white farm homes and wire fences about shaded pastures. But beyond, the triumphant sea of the corn stretches north and west across the Iowa midlands, for there is no trace of the virgin soil, the short grass as the Indians rode it when the settlers of the 40's came.

It is a land fat to bursting with numberless rich and complacent little cities. The county annals show you that the people never have hungered, fought nor suffered. From the first every man had his bag of silver under the puncheon floor of his cabin and went forth to buy the acres as the Sacs and Foxes moved away. The second year they ate their own corn with the venison and prairie chicken; their schools and churches were built before the oak in their own cabin homes was dry; and the first grand jury of this Iowa county sat in the untrodden grass of what is now Rome's main street and indicted a territorial commissioner for malfeasance. It was significant. The first Midlanders were insurgents of conscience and not hunger-rebellious, for never had they felt want or known sacrifice.

The Indians called it "The Land of Beautiful Rivers," and few towns there are who have not a beautiful stream loitering near, over clear, pebbly bars and along blue-stem margins where the wild grapes and crabapples lure the children autumn long. Through Rome, therefore, flows Sinsinawa Creek sleeping the summer in leaf-lined, sweet-smelling pools along the shady streets where the boys fish for shiners with their hats, and where, in October, the water having dried, the oak and maple leaves drift deep, so that by Halloween time all the town is filled with the pungent smell of the smoke.

Rome is in a continual grandmotherly quarrel with Sinsinawa Creek; never has it been able to reason sobriety into the laughing jade which tumbles its June freshets down from the bluffs, fill every hollow of the wandering streets and vacant lots, plays mischief with fences and walks and goes its way to the Mississippi across the bottoms, leaving its mirrored pools to taunt the ancient dame of a town with its wilfulness. Yet Rome so loves the wanton that when Earlville wanted to divert its waters in the uplands to run a factory for that aggresive metropolis of the country, the protest that went up echoes for years in local politics. Earlvillians called it "Sin Creek," or "Skunk Creek," but what could one expect of Earlville?

In Rome when a tree interferes with a sidewalk the sidewalk is not built; in Earlville the tree is cut down and the cement laid. That is why Earlville has the railroad, the furniture factory and the Elks' Club, while Rome has only its memories, its rusty fences and its best families. And the county court house. The court house offices and the best families were a tradition as venerably intertwined as the ivy and bricks of the walls. Rome knew its position. It would have sat with dignity on its hills only Skunk Creek —I beg pardon, Sinsinawa! kept pushing it off.

Yet none in Rome more than mildly censured Sinsinawa. Not even Wiley T. Curran of the Rome News, who was always bothering the town board about street improvements. He

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CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The Police, the Politicians, and Vice

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THERE are no better men anywhere than the men of the New York police force; and when they go bad it is because the system is wrong, and because they are not given the chance to do the good work they can do and would rather do. I never coddled these men. I punished them severely whenever I thought their conduct required it. All I did was to try to be just; to reward them when they did well; in short, to act squarely by them. I believe that, as a whole, they liked me. When, in 1912, I ran for President on the Progressive ticket, I received a number of unsigned letters inclosing sums of money for the campaign. One of these enclosed $20. The writer, who did not give his name, said he was a policeman, that I had once had him before me on charges, and had fined him $20; that, as a matter of fact, he had not committed the offense for which I had fined him, but that the evidence was such that he did not wonder that I had been misled, and never blamed me for it, because I had acted squarely and had given honest and decent men a chance in the police department; and that now he inclosed a 20-dollar bill, the amount of the fine inflicted on him so many years before. I have always wished I knew who the man was.

Discipline.

The disciplinary courts were very interesting. But it was extraordinarily difficult to get at the facts in the more complicated cases—as must always be true under similar circumstances; for ordinarily it is necessary to back up the superior officer who makes the charge, and yet it is always possible that this superior officer is consciously or unconsciously biased against his subordinate.

In the courts the charges were sometimes brought by police officers and sometimes by private citizens. In the latter case we would get queer insights into twilight phases of New York life. It was necessary to be always on your guard. Often an accusation would be brought against a policeman because he had been guilty of misconduct. Much more often the accusation merely meant that the officer had incurred animosity by doing his duty. I remember one amusing case where the officer was wholly to blame, but had acted in entire good faith.

One of the favorite and most demoralizing forms of gambling in New York was policy-playing. The policy slips consisted of papers with three rows of figures written on them. The officer in question was a huge pithecoid lout of a creature, with a wooden face and a receding forehead, and his accuser, whom he had arrested the preceding evening was a little grig of a red-headed man, obviously respectable, and almost incoherent with rage. The anger of the little red-headed man was but natural, for he had just come out from a night in the station house. He had been arrested late in the evening on suspicion that he was a policy-player, because of the rows of figures on a piece of paper which he had held in his hand, and because at the time of his arrest he had just stepped into the entrance of the hall of a tenement house in order to read by lamplight. The paper was produced in evidence. There were the three rows of figures all right, but, as the accuser explained, hopping up and down with rage and excitement, they were all of them the numbers of hymns. He was the superintendent of a small Sunday school. He had written down the hymns for several future services, one under the other, and on the way home was stopping to look at them, under convenient lamp posts, and finally by the light of the lamp in a tenement-house hallway; and it was this conduct which struck the sagacious man in uniform as "suspicious."

NEW YORK MOUNTED POLICEMAN STOPPING A RUNAWAY.

Vice and Law.

One of the saddest features of police work is dealing with the social evil, with prostitutes and houses of ill fame. In so far as the law gave me power, I always treated the men taken in any raid on these houses precisely as the women were treated. My experience brought me to the very strong conviction that there ought not to be any toleration by law of the vice. I do not know of any method which will put a complete stop to the evil, but I do know certain things that ought to be done to minimize it. One of these is treating men and women on an exact equality for the same act. Another is the establishment of night courts and of special commissions to deal with this special class of cases. Another is that suggested by the Rev. Charles Stelzle, of the Labor Temple—to publish conspicuously the name of the owner of any property used for immoral purposes, after said owner has been notified of the use and has failed to prevent it. Another is to prosecute the keepers and backers of brothels, men and women, as relentlessly and punish them as severely as pickpockets and common thieves. They should never be fined; they should be imprisoned. As for the girls, the very young ones and first offenders should be put in the charge of probation officers or sent to reformatories and the large percentage of feeble-minded girls and of incorrigible girls and women should be sent to institutions created for them, and thereby remove from this hideous merce the articles of commerce. Moreover, the federal government must in ever-increasing measure proceed against the degraded promoters of this commercialism, for their activities are inter-state and the commerce the articles of commerce. effectively than the states, alhough, as public sentiment becomes aroused, nation can often deal with them more co-operate towards the same end of rooting out the traffic. But the prime need is to raise the level of individual morality; and, moreover, to encourage early marriages and a strict sense of reciprocal conjugal obligation. The women who preach late marriages are by just so much making it difficult to better the standard of chastity.

Worse Than Murder.

As regards the white slave traffic, the men engaged in it, and the women, too, are far worse criminals than any ordinary murderers can be. For them there is need of such a law as that recently adopted in England through the efforts of Arthur Lee, M. P., a law which includes whipping for the male offenders. There are brutes so low, so infamous, so degraded and bestial in their cruelty and brutality that the only way to get at them is through their skins. Sentimentality on behalf of such men is really almost as unhealthy and wicked as the criminality of the men themselves. My experience is that there should be no toleration of any "tenderloin" or "red light' district, and that, above all, there should be the most relentless war on commercialized vice. The men who profit and make their living by the depravity and the awful misery of other human beings stand far below any ordinary criminals, and no measures taken against them can be too severe.

Society's Duty.

As for the wretched girls who follow the dreadful trade in question, a good deal can be done by a change in economic conditions. This ought to be done. When girls are paid wages inadequate to keep them from starvation, or to permit them to live decently, a certain proportion are forced by their economic misery into lives of vice. The employers and all others responsible for these conditions stand on a moral level not far above the white slavers themselves. But it is a mistake to suppose that either the correction of these economic conditions or the abolition of the white slave trade will wholly correct the evil or will even reach the major part of it. The economic factor is very far from being the chief factor in inducing girls to go into this dreadful life. As with so many other problems, while there must be governmental action, there must also be strengthening of the average individual character in order to achieve the desired end. Even where economic conditions are bad, girls who are both strong and pure will remain unaffected by temptations to which girls of weak character or lax standards readily yield. Any man who knows the wide variation in the proportions of the different races and nationalities engaged in prostitution must come to the conclusion that it is out of the question to treat economic conditions as the sole conditions or even as the chief conditions that determine this question. There are certain races—the Irish are honorably conspicuous among them—which, no matter what the economic pressure, furnish very few inmates of houses of ill fame. I do not believe that the differences are due to permanent race characteristics; this is shown by the fact that the best settlement houses find that practically all their "long-term graduates," so to speak, all the girls that come for a long period under their influence, no matter what their race or national origin, remain pure. In every race there are some naturally vicious individuals and some weak individuals who readily succumb under economic pressure. A girl who is lazy and hates hard work, a girl whose mind is rather feeble, who is of "subnormal intelligence," as the phrase now goes, or a girl who craves cheap finery and vapid pleasure, is always in danger. A high ideal of personal purity is essential. Where the same pressure under the same economic condition has tenfold the effect on one set of people that it has on another, it is evident that the question of moral standards is even more important than the question of economic standards, very important though this question is. It is important for us to remember that the girls ought to have the chance, not only for the necessaries of life, but grant man swine" who himself hunts more than the man she must not be broken by overwork, by excessive toil. Moreover, public opinion and the law should combine to hunt down the "flagrant mon swine" who himself hunts down poor or silly or unprotected girls. But we must not, in foolish sentimentality, excusee the girl from her duty to keep herself pure. Our duty to achieve the same moral level for the two sexes must be performed by raising the level for the man, not by lowering it for the woman; and the fact that society must recognize its duty in no shape or way relieves, not even to the smallest degree, the individual from doing his or her duty. Sentimentality which grows maudlin on behalf of the willful prostitute is a curse; to confound her with the entrapped or coerced girl, the real white slave, is both foolish and wicked. There are evil women just as there are evil men, naturally depraved girls just as there are naturally depraved young men; and the right and wise thing, the just thing, to them, and the generous thing to innocent girls and decent men, is to wage stern war against the evil creatures of both sexes.

Tramp Lodging-Houses.

In company with Jacob Riis, I did much work that was not connected with the actual discipline of the force. There was one thing which he and I abolished—police lodging-houses, which were simply tramp lodging-houses, and a fruitful encouragement to vagrancy. Those who read Mr. Riis' story of his own life will remember the incidents that gave him from actual personal experience his horror of these tramp lodging houses. As member of the health board I was brought into very close relations with the conditions of life in the tenement house districts. Here again I used to visit the different tenement house regions, usually in company with Riis, to see for myself what the conditions were. It was largely this personal experience that enabled me while on the health board to struggle not only zealously, but with reasonable efficiency and success, to improve conditions. We did our share in making forward strides in the matter of housing the working people of the city with some regard to decency and comfort.

A Tragic Week.

The midnight trips that Riis and I took enabled me to see what the police department was doing, and also gave me personal insight into some of the problems of city life. It is one thing to listen in perfunctory fashion to tales of overcrowded tenements, and it is quite another actually to see what that overcrowding means, some hot summer night, by even a single inspection during the hours of darkness. There was a very hot spell one midsummer while I was police commissioner, and most of each night I spent walking through the tenement-house districts and visiting police stations to see what was being done. It was a tragic week. We did everything possible to alleviate the suffering. Much of it was heartbreaking, especially the gasping misery of the little children and of the wornout mothers. Every resource of the health department, of the police department, and even the fire department (which flooded the hot streets) was taxed in the effort to render service. The heat killed such multitudes of horses that the means at our disposal for removing the poor dead beasts proved quite inadequate, although every nerve was strained to the limit. In consequence we received scores of complaints from persons before whose doors dead horses had remained, festering in the heat, for two or three days. One irascible man sent us furious denunciations, until we were at last able to send a big dray to drag away the horse that lay dead before his shop door. The huge dray already contained 11 other dead horses, and when it reached this particular door it broke down, and it was hours before it could be moved. The unfortunate man who had thus been cursed with a granted wish closed his doors in despair and wrote us a final pathetic letter in which he requested us to remove either the horses or his shop, he didn't care which.

I have spoken before of my experience with the tenement-house cigar factory law which the highest court of New York state declared unconstitutional. My experience in the police department taught me that not a few of the worst tenement houses were owned by wealthy individuals, who hired the best and most expensive lawyers to persuade the courts that it was "unconstitutional" to insist on the betterment of conditions. These business men and lawyers were very adroit in using a word with fine and noble associations to cloak their opposition to vitally necessary movements for industrial fair play and decency. They made it evident that they valued the constitution, not as a help to righteousness, but as a means for thwarting movements against unrighteousness. After my experience with them I became more set than ever in my distrust of those men, whether business men or lawyers, judges, legislators, or executive officers, who seek to make of the constitution a fetish for the prevention of work in the interest of those men, women and children on whose behalf we should be at liberty to employ freely every governmental agency.

The Toilers.

Occasionally during the two years we had to put a stop to riotous violence, and now and then on these occasions some of the labor union leaders protested against the actions of the police. By this time I was becoming a strong believer in labor unions, a strong believer in the rights of labor. For that very reason I was all the more bound to see that lawlessness and disorder were put down, and that no rioter was permitted to masquerade under the guise of being a friend of labor or a sympathizer with labor. I was scrupulous to see that the labor men had fair play; that, for instance, they were allowed to picket just so far as under the law picketing could be permitted, so that the strikers had ample opportunity peacefully to persuade other labor men not to take their places. But I made it clearly and definitely understood that under no circumstances would I permit violence or fail to insist upon the keeping of order. If there were wrongs, I would join with a full heart in striving to have them corrected. But where there was violence all other questions had to drop until order was restored. This is a democracy, and the people have the power, if they choose to exercise it, to make conditions as they ought to be made, and to do this strictly within the law; and therefore the first duty of the true democrat, of the man really loyal to the principles of popular government, is to see that law is enforced and order upheld. It was a peculiar gratification to me that so many of the labor leaders with whom I was thrown in contact grew cordially to accept this view. When I left the department, several called upon me to say how sorry they were that I was not to continue in office. One, the secretary of the Journeyman Bakers' and Confectioners' International Union, Henry Weismann, wrote, me expressing his regret that I was going, and his appreciation as a citizen of what I had done as police commissioner; he added: "I am particularly grateful for your liberal attitude toward organized labor, your cordial championship of those speaking in behalf of the toilers, and your evident desire to do the right thing as you saw it at whatever cost."

Some of the letters I received on leaving the department were from unexpected sources. Mr. E. L. Godkin, an editor who in international matters was not a patriotic man, wrote protesting against my taking the assistant secretaryship of the navy, and adding: "I have a concern, as the Quakers say, to put on record my earnest belief that in New York you are doing the greatest work of which any American today is capable, and exhibiting to the young men of the country the spectacle of a very important office administered by a man of high character in the most efficient way amid a thousand difficulties. As a lesson in politics I cannot think of anything more instructive."

Progress.

About the same time I had a letter from Mr. (afterwards Ambassador) James Bryce, also expressing regret that I was leaving the police department, but naturally with much more appreciation of the work that was to be done in the navy department. This letter I quote, with his permission, because it conveys a lesson to those who are inclined always to think that the conditions of the present time are very bad. It was written July 7, 1897. Mr. Bryce spoke of the possibility of coming to America in a month or so, and continued: "I hope I may have a chance of seeing you if I do get over, and of drawing some comfort from you as regards your political phenomena, which, so far as I can gather from those of your countrymen I have lately seen, furnish some good opportunities for a persistent optimist like myself to show that he is not to be lightly discouraged. Don't suppose that things are specially 'nice,' as a lady would say, in Europe either. They are not." Mr. Bryce was a very friendly and competent observer of things American; and there was this distinct note of discouragement about our future in the intimate letter he was thus sending. Yet th's was at the very time when the United States was entering on a dozen years during which our people accomplished more good, and came nearer realizing the possibilities of a great, free, and conscientious democracy, than during any other dozen years in our history, save only the years of Lincoln's presidency and the period during which the nation was founded.

Principal Changes in Tariff Bill

THE tariff bill as it passed the senate last week retained the principal house provisions, including free sugar and free raw wool, but revsed other rates still further downward. The average ad valorem rate in the bill now is approximately 26 per cent, a decrease of 28 per cent from existing rates and nearly 4 per cent lower than the rates of the house bill.

The senate's addition to the house free list with 1912 as a basis will cost the government more than $44,000,000, but by adding a tax of one-tenth of one cent a pound on cotton sold for future delivery; a tax of one-tenth a pound on bananas; restoring the requirement of a full internal revenue tax of $1.00 a gallon on brandies used to fortify wines and by increasing the surtax rates on large incomes, senate leaders believe they have provided an actual increase. That is a point disputed by Majority Leader Underwood of the house.

The senate made these other important changes:

Lowered the normal exemption from the 1 per cent income tax from $4,000 to $3,000 for single persons, with exemptions for wives and dependent children; exempted the incomes of mutual life insurance companies which revert to the benefit of stockholders; increased the graduated surtax on large incomes to a maximum of 6 per cent on those more than $500,000; exempted incomes of municipalities derived from operation of public utilities, and changed the date from which the tax shall be computed for the first year from January 1 to March 1, 1913.

Free listed cattle and other live stock, wheat, hair of the angora goat, and some other agricultural products; restored oatmeal and rolled oats to the dutiable list, and provided an elaborate inspection of meat imports.

Reduced house rates on woolen manufactures, to become effective January 1, 1914.

Provided in the sugar schedule for immediate abolishment of the Dutch standard test; postponed operation of proposed reduced rates until March 1, 1914, leaving the provision unchanged for free sugar in May, 1916.

Slightly increased rates on finer cotton goods, reclassifying the whole cotton schedule and changing the silk schedule and an ad valorem to a specific basis.

Provided for an administrative force to handle income tax collections without regard to requirements of the civil service.

Struck out a countervailing duty on wood pulp.

Greatly reduced rates of the metal schedule.

Struck out many reform provisions in the administrative section; rejected the anti-dumping caluse, the 5 per cent tariff reduction on imports in American vessels, and the requirement for inspection of books of foreign manufacturers in undervaluation cases, but added a provision giving the president authority to retaliate against nations which discriminate against American goods by proclaiming increased rates on certain goods; adopted a provision excluding goods manufactured chiefly by child labor, and provided for the creation of a commission to revise the customs laws.

Important additions to the free list included:

Antimony ore, limestone rock asphalt, asphaltum and bitumen, fabrics of jute yarns, wool blankets valued at less than 40 cents a pound, textbooks, sugar machinery, castiron pipe, surgical catgut, cement, creosote oil, denatured alcohol, flax and hemp, furs and fur skins, gunpowder, pig iron, spriegelesen, ferromanganese, wrought iron slabs and blooms, photographic moving picture films, steel ingots, slabs and blooms; cattle and other live stock, wheat, sawed cedar, angora goat and alpaca wool and paper twine for binding wool.

How Senators Voted.

Following was the roll call on the tariff bill:

Yeas—Ashurst, Bacon, Chamberlain, Chilton, Clarke of Arkansas, Fletcher, Gore, Hitchcock, Hollis, Hughes, James, Johnson, Kern, Lane, Lewis, Martin, Martine Myers, Newlands, O'Gorman, Overman, Owen, Pittman, Pomerene, Robinson, Saulsbury, Shafroth, Sheppard, Shields, Shively, Simmons, Smith of Arizona; Smith of Georgia; Smith of Maryland; Smith of South Carolina; Stone, Swanson, Thompson, Tillman, Yardaman, Walsh, Williams, Democrats; LaFollette, Republican, and Poindexter, Progressive; total 44.

Nays — Borah, Bradley, Brady, Brandege, Bristow, Catron, Clapp, Clark, of Wyomny; Colt, Cummins, Dillingham, Fall, Gallinger, Jackson, Jones, Kenyon, Lippitt, Lodge, McCumber, McLean, Nelson, Norris, Oliver, Page, Penrose, Perkins, Root, Sherman, Smoot, Stephenson, Sterling, Sutherland, Warren, Weeks and Works, Republicans, and Ransdell and Thornton, Democrats, total 37.

Paired and not voting—Townsend, Burton, Crawford, Goff, Dupont and Smith of Michigan. Republicans; Bankhead, Bryan, Culberson, Lea, Thomas and Reed, Democrats; total 12.

Absent and not paired—Burleigh and Gronna, Republicans, total 2.

Vacancy—Alabama 1.

HIGH PRICES FOR CROPS

Wall Street Journal.

A CONCRETE example is useful to illustrate the truth of a general proposition. Drought is injuring the crops and in consequence prices are soaring. By taking a glance at the general effect of failure in any one crop it is easy to understand that scarcity prices are not a compensation for the destruction of property.

Kansas is one of the large producers of corn. Last year the state produced 175,000,000 bushels. The Chicago price of December corn in September of last year ranged from 51 to 55 cents. Even at the price of 51 cents that crop was worth over $90,000,000 on the Chicago market. December corn is now around 72 cents. If the husking returns confirm the latest estimates, all that is left of a once fine crop will be less than 30,000,000 bushels, worth $21,000,000. The same conditions in varying degree will be found in the corn belt. Traveling northward a point will finally be reached where a few farmers will have corn to sell. They will receive a benefit, but many more will face ruin.

About 100,000,000 bushels of corn are used direct as human food every year. A difference of 17 cents a bushel would mean $17,000,000 more paid for an equal amount of food. The mills, the starch and glucose works must pay at least 25 per cent more for their raw material. Cotton cannot be raised without corn to feed the mules and laborers, and the cotton farmers do not raise their corn. Wherever draft animals are used in mining, lumbering, or other operations, the price of corn is an important matter, and eventually enters into the cost of the service or the commodity. In all, about 1,000,000,000 bushels are used in these different ways. What does an increase of even 16 cents a bushel mean?

Almost one-half the average corn crop is used in the production of meat, butter, milk, poultry and eggs. When the feeder, or the producer of these staples, finds his feed costing him 25 per cent more, he must exact at least that much more. Every hand the product goes through will add an additional per cent, and the purchasing power of the consumer is decreased that much by the additional cost of living.

The farmers of the southwest are making a brave effort to keep their livestock, by shipping them where there is feed and water. The cost will run into the millions. If they do not succeed, they must dispose of them. Then for several years after, the beef shortage would be more acute. The result is inevitable, however, unpleasant to contemplate. High cost of living means a lower purchasing power.

An extra dollar that a farmer puts into his pocket under such conditions burns a hole, through which he ultimately loses it.

THE SECRET OF LONESOME COVE

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER XI

Hedgerow House.

Answers to the telegrams Chester Kent had despatched arrived in the form of night letters, bringing information regarding the Blairs of Hedgerow House; not sufficient information to satisfy the seeker, however. Therefore, having digested their contents at breakfast, the scientist cast about him to supply the deficiency. The feet of hoge led him to the shop of Elder Ira Dennett.

Besides being an able plumber and tinker, Elder Dennett performed, by vocation, the pleasureable duties of unprinted journalism. That is to say, he was the semiofficial town gossip. As Professor Kent was a conspicuous figure in the choicest titbit the Elder had acquired in stock for many years, and as the Elder had been unable to come to speech with him since the inquest Kent had achieved some skilful dodging), there was joy in the plumbe-tinker'r heart over the visit. Unhappily, it appeared that Kent was there strictly on business. He did not wish to talk of the mystery of Lonesome Cove. He wished his acetylene lamp fixed. At once, if Elder Dennett pleased.

Glum was the face of the Elder as he examined the lamp, which needed very little attention. It lightened when his visitor observed:

"I've been thinking a little of getting an electric car, to run about here in. There was a neat little one in town yesterday."

"Old Blair's," replied Dennett, "I seen you in it. Known Mr. Blair long?"

"He offered me a lift into town, very kindly. He was a stranger to me," said Kent truthfully, and with intent to deceive. "Who did you say he was?"

"Gosh sakes! Don't you know who Aleck Blair is?"

"Blair? Blair?" said Kent innocently. "Is he the author of Blair's Studies of Neuropterae?"

Elder Dennett snorted. "He's a millionaire, that's what he is! Ain't you read about him in the Fabric Trust investigations?"

"Oh, that Blair! Yes, I believe I have."

Kent yawned. It was a well-conceived bit of strategy, and met with deserved success. Regarding that yawn as a challenge to his vocational powers, the Elder set about eliminating the inhuman indifference of which it was the expression. Floods of information poured from his eager mouth. He traced the history of the Blairs in and out of concentric circles of scandal; financial, political, social —and mostly untrue. Those in which the greatest proportion of truth inhered dealt with the escapades of Wilfrid Blair, the only son and heir of the household, who had burned up all the paternal money he could lay hands on, writing his name in red fire across the night life of London, Paris, and New York. Tiring of this, he had come home and married a girl of nineteen, beautiful and innocent, whose parents, the Elder piously opined, had sold her to the devil, per Mr. Blair agent. The girl, whose maiden name was Marjorie Dorrance — Kent's fingers went to his ear at this —had left Blair after a year of marriage, though there was no legal process, and he had returned to his haunts of the gutter, until retribution overtook him, in the form of tuberculosis. His father had brought him to their place on Sundayman's Creek, and there he was kept in semi-seclusion, visited from time to time by his young wife, who helped to care for him."

"That's the story they tell," commented the Elder; "but some folks has got suspicions."

"It's a prevalent complaint," murmured Kent, "and highly contagious."

Dennett stared. "My own suspicions," he proceeded firmly, "is that the young feller hasn't got no more consumption than you have. I think old Blair has got him here to keep him out of the papers."

"Publicity is not to Mr. Blair's taste, then?"

"'Not's' no word for it," declared the human bureau of information, delighted at this evidence of dawning interest on the part fo his hearer. "He's crazy against it. They say he pays Town Titbits a thousand dollars a year to let young Blair's name alone. I don't believe the old man would

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Abe Martin

Who remembers th' ole days when you used t' set in th' parlor fer two hours lookin' at a picture o' Pharaoh's Horses while your girl dressed?

The Secret of Lonesome Cove

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

hardly stop short of murder to keep his name out of print. He's kind o' loony on the subject."

"You've been to his country place?"

"Only wunst. Mostly they have one o' them scientific plumber fellers from Boston." The Elder's tone was as essence of gall and wormwood. "Wunst I had a job there, though, an' I seen young Blair moonin' around the grounds with a man nurse."

"Quite a place, I hear," suggested Kent.

"Sailor Milt Smith is the feller that can tell you about the place as it used to be. Here he comes, up the street.

He thrust his head out of the door and called. Sailor Smith, sturdy and white, entered and greeted Kent courteously.

"Mr. Dennett was saying," remarked Kent, "that you know something of the history of Hedgerow House, as I believe they call it."

"They call it!" repeated the old sailor. "Who calls it? If you mean the Blair place, that's Hogg's Haven, that is! You can't wipe out that name while there's a man living as knew the place at its worst. Old Captain Hogg built it and lived in it and died in it. And if there's a fryingpan in hell, the devil is fryin' bacon out of old Hogg today for the things he done in that house."

"How long since he died?"

"Oh, twenty year back."

"And the house was sold soon after?"

"Stood vacant for ten years. Then this rich follew, Blair, bought it. I don't know him; but he bought a weevilly biscuit, there. A bad house, it is—rotten bad!"

"Men's bones in the brick and women's blood in the motar."

"Was the old boy a cannibal?" asked Kent, amused by the sea veteran's heroics.

"Just as bad; slave trader."

"Have you ever been in the house?"

"Many's the time, when it was Hogg's Haven. Only once, since. They do tell that the curse has come down with the house and is heavy on the new owner's son."

"So I've heard."

The old white head wagged bodingly. "The curse of the blood," he said. "It's on all that race."

"But that wouldn't affect the Blairs."

"Not Aleck Blair. But the boy."

"How so?"

"Didn't you know there was the same strain in young Wilfrid Blair, as there was in old Captain Hogg?"

"Hogg's oldest sister was the grandmother of this young feller's mother, wasn't she?" put in Elder Dennett.

"That's right. Wilfrid Blair's great grand mother."

"And a bad 'un, too, I guess," continued the Elder relishingly.

"Don't you say it!" cried the old seaman. "The curse of the blood was on her. Strange she was, and beautiful, so my mother used to tell me; but not bad. She came in at Lonesome Cove, too."

"Drowned at sea?" asked Kent.

"They never knew. One day she was gone; the next night her body came in. They said in the countryside that she had the gift of second sight, and foretold her own death."

"Hum-m," mused Kent. "And now the Blairs have changed the name of the place. No wonder."

"There's one thing they haven't changed the private buryin' plot."

"Family?"

"Hogg's there, all right, an' never a parson in the countryside dared to speak to God about his soul, when they laid him there. His nephew, too, that was as blackhearted as himself. But the rest of the graves has got no headstones."

"Slaves?"

"Them as he kept for his own service an' killed in his tantrums. Nobody knows how many. You can see the bend of the creek where they lie, from the road, and the willows that lean over 'em."

"Cheerful sort of person the late Mr. Hogg seems to have been. Any relics of his trade in the house?"

"Relics. You may say so! His old pistols, and compasses, guns, nautical instruments, and the leaded whalebone whip that they used to say he slept with. They've got 'em hung on the walls now for ornyments. Ornyments! If they'd seen 'em as I've seen 'em, they'd sink the dummed things in a hundred fathom o' clean sea."

"Sailor Smith was cabin boy on one of the Hogg fleet one voyage," explained Elder Dennett.

"God forgive me for it!" said the old man. "There they hang; and with 'em the chains and—"

"Isn't that lamp finished yet?" demanded Kent, turning sharply upon Elder Dennett.

Having paid for it—with something extra for his curtness—he led the seaman out of the place.

"You were going to say 'and handcuffs,' weren't you? " he inquired.

"Why, yes. What of that?" asked the veteran, puzzled. Suddenly he brought his hand down with a slap on his thigh. "Where was my wits?" he cried. "Them irons on the dead woman's wrist—I knew I'd seen their like before! Slave manacles! They must 'a' come from Hogg's Haven!"

"Very likely. But that suspicion had better be kept quiet at present.

"Aye, aye, sir," agreed the other. "More devilment from the old Haven? A bad house—a rotten, bad house!"

"Yet I've a pressing desire to take a look at it," said Chester Kent musingly. "Going back to Annalaka, Mr. Smith? I'll walk with you as far as the road to Mr. Sedgwick's."

Freed of the veteran's company at the turn of the road, Kent sat down and took his ear in hand, to think.

"Miss Dorrance," he mused, Marjorie Dorrance. What simpler twist for a nickname than to transform that into Marjorie Daw? Poor Sedgwick!"

At the Nook he found the object of his commisseration mournfully striving to piece together, as in a mosiac, the shattered remnants of his work. Sedgwick brightened at his friend's approach.

"For heaven's sake, come out and do me a couple of sets of tennis!" he besought. "I'm no sport for you, I know, particularly as my nerves are jumpy; but I need the work."

"Sorry, my boy," said Kent, "but I've got to make a more or less polite call."

"Didn't know you had friends in this part of the world," said Sedgwick in surprise.

"Oh, friends!" said Kent rather disparagingly. "Say acquaintances. People named Blair. Ever know 'em?"

"Used to know a Wilfrid Blair in Paris," said the artist indifferently.

"What kind of a person was he?"

"An agreeable enough little beast; but a rounder of the worst sort. I won't go so far as to say that he shocked my moral sense in those days; but he certainly offended my sense of decency. He came back to America, and I lost track of him. Is he the man you're going to see?"

"No such luck," said Chester Kent. "I never expect to see Mr. Wilfrid Blair. Probably I shan't even be invited to his funeral."

"Oh! Is he dead."

"His death is officially expected any day."

Sedgwick examined his friend's expression with suspicion. "Officially? Then he's very ill."

"No, he isn't ill at all."

"Don't you think you overdo this business of mystification sometimes, Kent?"

"Merely a well-meant effort," smiled the other, "to divert your mind from your own troubles—before they get any worse."

With which cheering farewell Kent stepped out and into his waiting car.

CHAPTER XII.

The Unbidden Visitor.

One of Kent's Washington friends once criticized the scientist's mode of motoring, as follows: "Kent's a good driver, and a fast one, and careful; but he can never rid himself of the theory that there's a strain of hunter in every well-bred motor car."

Cross-country travel was, in fact, rather a fad of Kent's, and he had trained his light car to do everything but take a five-barred gate. After departing from the Nook, it rolled along beside Sundayman's Creek sedately enough until it approached the wide bend, where it indulged in a bit of path-finding across the country, and eventually crept into the shade of a clump of bushes and hid. Its occupant emerged, and went forward afoot until he came in view of Hedgerow House. At the turn of the stream he leaped a fence, and made his way to a group of willows beneath which the earth was ridged with little mounds. Professor Chester Kent was trespassing. He was invading the territory of the dead.

From the seclusion of the graveyard amid the willows a fair view was afforded of Hedgerow House. Grim as was the repute given it, it presented to the intruder an aspect of homely hospitable sweetness and quaintness. Tall hollyhocks lifted flowers to smile in at the old-fashioned windows. Here and there, on the well-kept lawn, peonies glowed, crimson and white. A great, clambering rose tree had thrown its arms around the square porch, softening the uncompromising angles into curves of leafage and bloom. Along the paths pansies laughed at the sun, and mignonette scattered its scented summons to bee and butterfly. The place was a loved place; so much Kent felt with sureness of instinct. No home blooms except by love.

But the house was dead. Its eyes were closed. Silence held it. The garden buzzed and flickered with vivid multicolored life; but there was no stir from the habitation of man. Had its occupants deserted it? Chester Kent, leaning against the headstone of Captain Hogg of damnable memory, pondered and wondered.

From the far side of the mansion came the sound of a door opening and closing again. Moving quickly along the sumac-fringed course of the creek, Kent made a detour which gave him view of a side entrance, and had barely time to efface himself in the shrubbery when a light wagon, with a spirited horse between the shafts, turned briskly out into the road. Kent, well sheltered, caught one brief sufficient glimpse of the occupant. It was Doctor Breed. The medical officer looked, as always, nerve-beset; but there was a greedy smile on his lips.

Kent's mouth puckered. He took a deep breath of musical inspiration—and exhaled it in painful noiselessness, flattening himself amid the greenery, as he saw a man emerge from the rear of Hedgerow House. The man was Gansett Jim. He carried a pick and a spade and walked slowly. Presently he disappeared in the willow-shaded place of mounds. The sound of his toil came, muffled, to the ears of the hidden man.

Cautiously Kent work his way, now in the stream, now through the heavy growth on the banks, until he gained the roadway. Once there he went forward to the front gate of Hedgerow House. The bricked sidewalk runs, thence, straight and true to the rose-bowered square porch which is the mansion's main entry. Kent paused for the merest moment. His gaze rested on the heavy black door. Heavier and blacker against the woodwork a pendant waved languidly in the faint breeze.

To the normal human being, the grisly insignium of death over a portal is provocative of anything rather than mirth. But Chester Kent, viewing the crape on Hedgerow House, laughed as he turned to the open road.

To Be Continued.

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

I would like a description of the mule-foot hog and wish to know also if it is immune from cholera.—F., Bronson, Mich.

Scours in Calves.

Take the inside bark of white oak and cut in small pieces To a pint of the bark add one quart of boiling water and allow it to stand until cool. Then give a tea cup full to the calf night and morning.—H., Meadville, Pa.

Electricity on the Farm.

Truly this is an age of wonderful development. Marked progress has been made in all branches of science. In nothing is this more noticeable than with the wonders of electricity. The things which have been done to put this great power within the reach of every one are rather astounding. It is no wonder we find so many farmers availing themselves of the great advantages to be gained by the adoption of electricity and yet how many there are who might be so benefited but still give the matter no thought.

There is no reason why every farmer who has a practical working knowledge of machinery and is willing to follow a few simple printed instructions, cannot have a practical electrical equipment on his farm. It is easily within the reach of all. The cost is nothing as compared to the comfort, the economy, the labor saving and the added value to your farm investment. These plants have been so simplified and the tremendous demand for them has so reduced the cost of production, that it seems a pity not to find them in more general use among the farmers, where it would undoubtedly be of great value.

It does not require an expert technical knowledge to operate an electrical plant. It is simply a matter of reading directions, exercising common sense, being careful and getting the right material. This last requirement is the most important. Most farmers are inclined to accept an inferior article because it seems a little cheaper. This is indeed a great mistake, whether it is applied to an electrical equipment or anything else, it is always advisable to pay a reasonable price for the good article. Don't close your eyes to the fact that you can never get something for nothing. There is always a penalty attached to the so-called bargain.

When it comes to the purchasing of an electrical equipment, you want to be sure of having the best. Once you have this and then follow the simple directions for properly installing, your troubles are at an end. The natural question is how are you to know when you have the best. It is indeed very simple. In all walks of life a man who achieves the greatest success is loked upon as being the est success is looked upon as being the electrical equipment.

Before you buy, find out the manufacturer who makes the greatest sales. Look carefully into the question as to who is supplying the markets of the world in the greatest quantities. You can't go very far astray if you will do this, because naturally the best will be discovered by the greatest number of people and they will insist upon having it. Don't let anybody argue you out of this theory, whether it be a switch, a fixture, a dynamo or a battery.

Electricity is bound to become the dominating power of the commercial and farming world, and every farmer should fortify himself with a knowledge of the subject. It will indeed be found interesting and beneficial.

Standard Barrels Law.

Following is a summary of some of the principal points in a new feeral law defining standard barrals, which went into effect July 1, 1913:

"The standard barrel for apples shall be of the following dimensions Length of staves, 28½ inches; diameter of head, 17⅛ inches; distance between heads, 26 inches; circumference, of bulge, 64 inches outside measurement; representing as near as possible 7,056 cubic inches.

"The standard grade for apples packed in barrels and shipped in interstates of foreign commerce shall be as follows: apples of one variety which are well-grown specimenes, handpicked of good color for the variety, normal shape, practically free from insects and fungus injuries, bruises and other defects or apples of one variety which are not more than 10 per cent below the foregoing specifications shall standard grade, minimum size 2½ inches; if the minimum size of the apple is 2½ inches in transverse diameter; 'standard grade, minimum size 2¼ inches' if the minimum size of the apple is 2¼ inches in transverse diameter, or 'standard grade, minimum size 2 inches if the minimum size of the apple is 2 inches in transverse diameter.

"All barrels packed with apples shall be deemed to be below standard if the barrel bears any statement, design or device indicating that the barrel is a standard barrel of apples, unless the barrel shall be plainly marked on end and side with words or figures showing the fractional relation which the actual capacity of the barrel bears to the capacity described by the first section. The marking must be in plain block letters, not less than one inch tall. Barrels packed with apples shall be deemed to be misbranded:

"If the barrel bears any statement, design or device indicating that the apples contained are 'standard grade,' and the apples when packed do not conform to requirements. Second: if the barrel bears any statement, design, or device indicating that the apples contained therein are 'standard grade,' and the barrels fail to bear also a statement of the variety, the name of the locality where grown and the name of the packer or person under whose authority the apples were packed and the barrel marked. The penalty for the violation of this law is $1 and costs for each barrel sold or offered for sale."

THE ORCHARD

Fall Planting of Grapes.

It is not generally known in some sections of the country that grapes can be successfully set in the fall of the year. To make sure of this statement we recently wrote to one of the largest nurseries in the country for the horticulturist's opinion on this subject. He replied that vines can be set in the fall of the year as late as Nov. 1 in the latitude of Chicago, and if they are given proper protection in the winter they will grow readily and start much earlier in the spring than they would if they were not set out till after the frost went out of the ground in the spring. In fact, he believes that fall planting is much more desirable thon spring planting.

He, however, advises that the grower obtain his vines as early as October as possible, if not in September, and plant them in good, mellow soil. He suggests that the grower dig a hole about three feet deep and fill the bottom foot with well rotted manure and broken bones. Then fill in with a foot of dirt well tamped down. Then fill the next six inches with mellow soil and set the plant and fill the remainder of the hole with good garden mold, compacting it firmly around the roots. Keep the ground moist, but never wet. Late in Novemebr, just before a hard freeze, cover the surface of the ground with wheat straw, so that just the tip of the vine is exposed. Anchor this straw so it will not blow away in the winter, and this is all the covering the plants will need.

He says that vines planted in this way will do better thon those planted in the spring and will begin bearing a year earlier.

Trees in Poor Soil.

When planting orchards of any considerable size there will sometimes be places where the land is thin or poor. If trees are planted in such soil they usually make little growth and lag behind the trees on the better soil, thus giving the orchard a spotted, or uneven, appearance.

To prevent this, proceed in the following manner: first, stake off the tract to be planted so that you will know where each tree is to be set. Then, instead of planting trees in the poorer soil, dig a hole three feet in diameter and two feet deep where each tree is to stand. Fill these holes with soil brought from the better parts of the field, tramping it down firmly as possible. You are now ready to set the trees, and if you do a good job they will grow, the first two years, fully as well as those on the better ground. In the meantime, fertilizer may be applied, a cover crop established, and the poor spots brought up to the same degree of fertility as the balance of the orchard.

It is more satisfactory to make and fill the holes in the fall so that the winter rains will settle the earth firmly. Then, too, they will not cause trouble in planting-time.

When the haul is short a common road scraper and team may be used in this work by simply filling the scraper in the good part of the field and driving to a hole and dumping directly into it. In obtaining the good dirt you will of course avoid filling the scraper twice in the same place, or trenches will be dug that will not level up well in cultivation.

Summer Pruning.

An apple orchard should not be pruned in summer except to remove dead branches and water sprouts. There is some advantage in removing dead or half dead branches before the leaves fall, but a complete job of pruning can not well be done during the summer becasue it is harmful to the tree to remove much foliage, and then one can not readily see just what branches should be cut away with leaves on the trees. Late winter or early spring is the best time to prune.

THE GARDEN

Everblooming Roses.

There is quite a long time yet before frost for the monthly or everblooming roses to keep us supplied with choice flowers. The dried up blooms should be kept removed from the plants and the beds must be kept free from grass and weeds. A mulch of rich manure can be given for the purpose of invigorating the plants and toning up the blooms. A daily syringing with the hose will keep down the red spider and an occasional application of tobacco dust—dusted on after syringing—or a little nicotine diluted with water, will take care of the aphis. There is no reason why an abundance of blooms should not be borne by roses of this class long after the first frosts have come.

As the season advances and the nights keep getting cooler, a marked difference can be noticed in the quality of the flowers. The color is improved, the buds are larger and the general substance of the flowers is much superior to those borne earlier. This class of roses is not hardy north of the Ohio river and should be given protection for the winter. A thick layer of coarse manure or straw placed about the roots of the plants to prevent hard freezing will answer this purpose. Pruning should be deferred till spring.

Striped Beetle and Cabbage Worm.

The best remedy for the striped beetle, which gives so much trouble by killing melon and cucumber and similar vines, is arsenate of lead. Put an ounce of the powder, or an ounce and a half of paste (it comes in both forms), into a gallon of water, or, better, of Bordeaux mixture, and spray the vines thoroughly as soon as the first beetles are seen, and keep them sprayed occasionally as long as there is danger. The same remedy might be used for the cabbage-worm, but some soap should be added to make the liquid adhere to the leaves. Water is liable to run off the cabbages as it would from a duck's back. Dashing hot water, hot soapsuds, or spraying with hot liquids, dusting with red pepper, insect-powders, and even common road dust, are also often used with good effect for the green cabbage-worm.

Setting Out Tulips.

It is none too early to begin to plan and prepare for planting out a bed of tulips. It is a great source of pleasure to see these brilliant things come right up out of the snow and frost in our dull, gray spring weather—a veritable miracle. The principal point in making up the bed should be to provide a good drainage. If the water stands on the bed and freezes and thaws again, it will be apt to injure almost everything of the bulb kind. They can be planted very closely, say three inches apart, but as a rule it is better to give them about six inches every way, setting theme so that the top of the bulbs will be five inches apart, below the surface and then mulching them immediately so as to retain the moisture and keep out the frosts of the late fall and early spring. This is all that has to be done to secure these beautiful flowers year after year for 10 to 20 years. It should not be forgotten, however, that they need good cultivation in the spring, and after the bloom is over.

THE DAIRY

Reducing Bacteria.

The government inspectors who have been working on an investigation to better the condition of milk shipped in interstate commerce have found a simple explanation of why milk that comes from apparently good dairies shows an excessive number of bacteria and is bacteriologically bad. They report that these cairies take the morning milk and combine it with the afternoon milk of the same day and ship this combination the next morning. As a result the day's milk is kept through the heat of the day and by the time it is 24 hours old it shows a high bacteriological count.

The inspectors made experiments in taking the night milk, keeping it through the cooler hours of the night, combining it with the morning milk and shipping it. There was a radical improvement in the condition of this milk.

They report that if this new system of combining the evening milk with the next morning's milk were followed it would go far in solving the problem of preventing the shipping of milk that is bacteriologically bad. This plan is regarded as so important that the government will probably summon a number of milk producers to a hearing in order to impress upon them the importance of this method. This method, of course, is not practical in all sections, as it can only be carried out where train schedules permit—Department of Agriculture.

Milk Records.

Records of the dairy herd at the Minnesota dairy farm at the university indicate that it is not necessary to weigh or test the milk more than one day in each month in order to obtain an approximate record of what each cow is doing. It is generally believed, however, that while a monthly butter fat test is sufficient, it is a good practice to weigh and record the milk at each milking. This is very easily done if milk sheets and scales are conveniently arranged.

This method not only furnishes an accurate record of each cow's work, but it also enables the dairyman to tell at once if anything is wrong with any cow in the herd. If a cow gives two or three pounds of milk less than usual it is noted at once and an effort made to remedy the trouble.

They may be several causes for a small milk flow, such as poor pasture, exposure to cold or rain or rough treatment. At any rate, no matter what the cause may be, if the milk is weighed regularly a drop in the milk flow can be remedied before it becomes permanent. It is urged, therefore, that the milk be weighed at each milking, that a sample of the butter fat test be taken at about the same time each month and that this sample be a composite sample from four consecutive milkings.

Buttermilk Cheese.

When once the knack of making buttermilk cheese is acquired it is very little trouble to make this product. One should use a thermometer to test the temperature to insure success. As the real buttermilk cheese is different from the cottage cheese it requires different handling. We have our cream rather more sour than when butter is made. The milk is poured in a porcelain kettle well down in the milk and milk stirred rapidly so all portions will heat quickly as possible. When the temperature is 78 degs, the milk is set on the back part of the range for two hours or until whey shows clear through the curd which must be soft and not leathery when finished.

When the curd is well set the kettle is set over the fire again and gently mixed until the temperature reaches 125 degs., and then set aside to settle. The curd is skimmed from the top, the whey formed off and remaining curd placed with the other in a thin sack to drain. It is now allowed to drip several hours, sometimes over night, but not squeezed or worked like cottage cheese. A slight sprinkle of salt is added as the cheese is emptied into bowls or jars, for market or home use. Many people prefer this cheese to butter and it forms excellent filling for sandwiches, is a healthy commodity, not as expensive as butter, and far more strengthening.

LIVE STOCK

Better Horses.

The United States Bureau of Animal Industry has received notice that the Shire Horse Society of England, desiring to encourage the owners and breeders of Shire horses in America, has resolved to offer ten gold challenge cups, valued at $250 each. Two of these gold cups will be annually awarded to representative American shows in rotation from the year 1913 to 1917, inclusive, the International Live Stock Exhibition at Chicago being chosen as the recipient for the present year. The cups will be awarded for the best registered Shire stallion, and for the best registered Shire mare; namely, registered in the American Shire Stud Book. The horses must be duly certified by the official veterinary officer as sound and free from hereditary disease.

The Shire horse is growing rapidly in favor with us, especially in the Pacific States, where his virtues are best known, and it is to be hoped that this very liberal offer of the home society will tend to make the breed as popular with us as it already is in Canada, South America and the British Colonies.

The Fall Litters.

If the breeding sow has had a pasture run so as to be in a thrifty condition, there will be little or no trouble if she farrows out in the lot, provided she is protected from sun and storm. This month is a good time for fall litters to come and I believe better results may be had than with spring litters. We are not likely to have the cold raw weather now that we often have in the spring. Then the system of the sow is apt to be in better condition at this time, because of the daily exercise which she has had.

Do not resort to to heavy feeding of grain at once, but bring her to a full ration gradually on or about the ninth day, and continue to supplement this with green food. After two or three weeks when the pigs can safely follow her, she may be turned to pasture between feeding hours. A small lot sown to clover or rape is excellent for them to run in, and it pays to have a yard or lot for this special purpose, especially if there are several sows to farrow at this time. The object should be to furnish the sows with food that will keep up a full supply of milk and at the same time keep them thrifty. More care is necessary with fall than spring pigs, because of the severe weather approaching. November often proves a severe month on pigs that have been neglected during September and October, and a poor fall pig is worse than no pig at all. Finally, after you have given them a good start in the fall see that they have a dry, clean and warm place all winter.

Keep Your Stock.

Alarmed because thousands of farmers in Nebraska and Kansas are rushing their live stock to market as a result of the drought and dearth of corn, the Union Pacific railroad is preparing an educational campaign. The road plans to teach the farmers and stock raisers of those two states how to make the most of what corn is harvested this fall and the best ways of caring for the fodder and roughness which they will have.

Demonstration trains are to be operated over practically every mile of Union Pacific tracks in the affected districts. Professors and experts from different agricultural colleges will show the farmers the most scientific manner of caring for live stock through the winter.

"Build silos," is the motto which the Union Pacific special demonstration trains will drill into the farmer's mind. Farmers will be taught the corn left standing in the field in sufficient amount to feed one cow all the winter, will feed three cows for the same length of time if put into silos.

Building silos is a comparatively new thing to western farmers and stock raisers. Some farmers already have adopted this method of feeding, but the percentage is small.

The professor will tell the farmers it is not necessary to erect steel or concrete silos, but that inexpensive ones may be built of wood. In fact, the experts will show underground silos can be built at small expense and will do the work just as well up up to date concrete structures.

POULTRY

A Few Facts.

Feed all kinds of poultry regularly and you will get more results from the same amount of food.

There is no economy in feeding one kind of grain, because a variety enables the fowl to get sufficient food elements by consuming the least bulk.

Some of the best chickens we ever saw when marketed were fattened on free range with a hopper of beef scraps and another of cracked corn constantly within reach.

Ducks should be marketed when they are not more than ten weeks old, for if kept longer the profit of them decreased rapidly because they do not increase in value and they eat considerable feed.

Remember that a dirty henhouse and dirty nests make dirty eggs, and that dirty eggs not only sell for less, but make all the eggs that go with them sell for a lower price

There is no kind of poultry that will bear neglect and still be profitable, and we should always remember that the fowl which is protected from vermine and from the elements and made comfortable and healthy, is always the fowl that pays the greatest profit

Fighting Lice.

Of all the varieties of parasites there is none more disgusting and troublasome than chicken lice, especially mites. These little fellows multiply beyond human calculation and in a few days one single specimen will produce thousands of them.

We can all remember the days when the common mongrel type of fowl was to be found on every farm and it seems little wonder that the hens in those days did little toward establishing good egg records or making a large profit for the owners because of the conditions they had to contend with. But within the last few years we have come to realize that the very first thing a hen will do is to supply her own bodily wants, and if we want her to lay eggs we must aid her in every way possible.

And so we have come to fight lice, for if there is anything that will cause a hen to stop laying and loaf around it is a bad case of lice. The more man has fought lice and helped the hen the better have been his returns of profit and the larger have been his egg checks.

The very first thing to do in fighting lice is to be sure that everything in the hen house is kept in a perfectly sanitary condition. After that is done the best preventive we know of is to give the houses a twice-weekly spraying with a good coal tar disinfectant. This will not only remove the lice, but it will also destroy all troublesome odors and keep the house in a sweet condition.

History of Lakenvelders.

According to the "Poultry World" annual for the season 1912-1913, published at London, England, the Lakenvelder breed is a very old one, and decidedly of German origin, having been bred and exhibited as early as 1835 in Haldern, Prussia. From thence the breed seems to have gradually spread to Holland and Belgium, where at the present time it is still to be found. In Holland one of their local names was the Jerusalem fowl—but inquiries in Jerusalem, and in most of the important towns in Palestine, showed that no one knew or had seen any fowls answering the description.

A lady on seeing them at a poultry show remarked that they looked as thought they had a white sheet thrown over them, leaving only the head and tail exposed. Such a description was most apt and strangely enough agrees with the German "laken," a white sheet, and "feld," a field, from which they derive their name, according to one of Germany's oldest poultry experts.

Some English fanciers saw them at the Holland shows and during 1900 pens were imported into England. Several fanciers took up the breed during 1901-02 and at this time the German method of spelling (Lakenfelder) was dropped in favor of the Dutch (Lakenvelder). In 1903 a consignment of Lakenvelders was sent from England to the St. Louis exposition. The cock bird in the German breed has a solid black head, neck hackle and tail, with white saddle hackle. The English standard calls for the same except the saddle hackle is black instead of white, balance of body in either breed is white—with a gray fluff or under color. The hen does not have quite as solid a black in neck or tail.

In size they are about the same as the Leghorns. They are strong, active birds, mature early, are small eaters and begin laying usually at about five months of age. The egg is medium size and has a white shell. They are good layers. This fact, together with their beautiful feathering, will surely make them popular.

They are "non-sitters," although occasionally one takes it into her head to sit; and there need be no fear of allowing her to do so for, when they do sit they make capital mothers. The little chicks themselves are extremely pretty, a great variation of color being noticeable. Some are cream color, some have light bodies and dark heads and some are a dull black.

Free Range for Flocks.

Free range has its merits and its demerits. To quickly grow young stock there is nothing better; for practical poultry farming—raising eggs and table poultry—it is not advisable.

The young, growing chick needs a variety of food, and it requires exercise. When it can have a combination of both the food is properly assimilated, and the seeds, the bugs, muscle and feather. The little fellows are on a romp the livelong day, and at night their crops are packed hard with the variety they have gathered on their travels; the violent exercise quickly puts them to sleep, and nature gradually digests the food.

The consequence is they grow like weeds. Late hatched chickens, given free range, soon forge ahead of their older brothers that from the start have been kept in small, barren inclosures.

Some years ago the writer visited the famous Oakland farm, Taunton, Mass., which at that time was the home for prize winning Light Brahmas and Buff Cochins. To our surprise we learned that nearly all the birds on the farm were hatched and reared during the summer. We saw July hatched Brahmas and even September hatched Cochins, and the latter as large as the former. We were then informed by the manager that all the Madison Square Garden winners were hatched in July. To the writer it was a revelation. Who ever before heard of hatching Asiatics during the last months? Yet here we had the example. What was their secret? Shade and free range.

But when it comes to hens, we find that for successful egg farming, or market poultry, limited areas are more profitable. If the hens are provided with proper food and care, they will give larger egg yields when confined to runs than if running at large, and besides, there will be no danger of hidden nests and loss of eggs.

Experiments made with table poultry also strongly favor more or less confinement. If fed on meat producing foods, the carcasses of yarded poultry are not only more atractive in appearance, but the flavor is superior.

In free range poultry we find toughened sinews, meat more or less tough and lacking in juiciness.

It is for this reason that epicures prefer poultry from the yards of expert poultry men rather than "corn try chickens" or "farm raised poultry."

Hens need bulky food. Clover hay or alfalfa hay, cut in half-inch lengths, helps to make an ideal ration. If cooked and mixed with bran it makes an excellent breakfast. Clover and alfalfa not only promote digestion, but also largely assist in supplying the elements necessary for the albumen.

A successful poultry man says that he keeps the combs of his poultry brightened by putting corn in a bucket and dampening with water, and then stirring in about a quart of powdered air slacked lime. He feeds this twice a week, as an evening meal.

Fattening poultry on food mixed or moistened with skim milk instead of water produces whiter flesh and a superior flavor. Skim milk alone is a highly nitrogenous food; the carbohydrates have been removed in the butter, so that it is not a complete diet for any animal. The fat of the cream, however, can be cheaply substituted with corn or corn meal.

A fowl should always be fattened as quickly as possible. Ten days is long enough, but it should be confined either in a coop or a number in a small yard. They must have a continual supply of fresh water, and should be fed four times a day, the first meal being early and the last one late. A recommended mixture is three parts cornmeal, one part ground oats, one part bran, one part crude tallow, the entire mass scalded and fed for the first three meals, with all the corn and wheat that can be eaten up clean at night. Weigh the articles given.

Poultry Need Care.

As a rule poultry are of a hardy nature, and, consequently, are not delicate until man makes them so.

If properly cared for they will remain strong and vigorous, proof of this being shown in the fact that of all the large farms in care of veterans sickness is seldom found among the stock.

The nature of the fowls must be studied, and every comfort given. Comfortable houses must be provided. A house should be so constructed that it will be practically an open shed during the summer and a warm and yet well ventilated house in winter—free from drafts and safe from the cold winds and stormy weather.

The nearer poultry is kept in its natural state the more hardy will they be. It was this fact that led up to the invention of the scratching shed house plan.

There is danger in houses built so tight that scarcely a breath of air can enter. Again, such places are often overcrowded, and the fowls sweat while on the roost at night, a condition that quickly brings on colds. It is safe to say that fully two-thirds of the cases of roup are due to overcrowding in close, badly ventilated houses.

The effect of the different articles of food, as well as the manner of feeding, must be studied. To feed a diet during the summer, of corn or other heat producing foods, is apt to bring on a diseased condition about as quickly as poor housing. Entirely too much corn and not enough variety—proper blending of nitrogenous and carbonaceous material—is fed. An exclusive diet of any one grain is harmful, producing diarrhoea and symptoms closely resembling "cholera." The bowels are the best indicators of condition. When the droppings are of a brownish color, capped with white, they denote good health, and it is then certain that the food is agreeable.

The present system of dry feeding is becoming more popular every year. This does away entirely with wet or moist mashes, which are the cause of so many cases of overfat and bowel troubles.

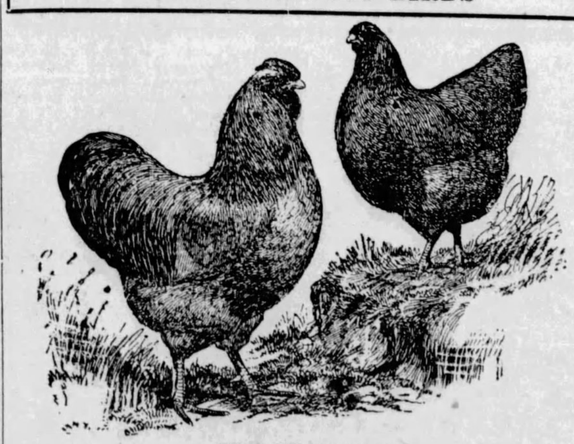
Fowls must not be overfed. They should have only what they will eat up clean. The dry feeding method however allows food to be constantly before the stock in hoppers. Champions of this method claim that fowls will not overfeed when dry material is constantly before them, for they eat of it only by degrees, taking with it draughts of water to wash down the food. This we believe should be followed only with dry mash, and not with whole or cracked grains. In the latter case the amount should be limited to an average of a handful for each fowl in the pen—and scattered among litter so as to induce exercising.

Opportunities of interest to you Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Rock drills of American manufacture are extensively used by the gold and other mines of the Transvaal.

One southern state rents its convicts to contractors for a little more than four hundred dollars a year and pays its teachers slightly more than $300.

BEAUTIFUL BUFF BIRDS



BUFF WYANDOTTES.

This is a variety of the famous Wyandotte introduced shortly after the Buff Plymouth Rocks. Like all Wyandottes, it possessed the characteristic and utility qualities of the breed both as a producer of eggs and meat. In addition, its handsome, smooth, even yellowish buff color is very attractive. Full grown males weigh 7½ to 8½ pounds; females from 5½ to 6½ pounds.

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GROWING STRONGER
Apparently, With Advancing Age.

"At the age of 50 years I collapsed from excessive coffee drinking," writes a man in Mo. "For four years I shambled about with the aid of crutches or cane, most of the time unable to dress myself without help.

"My feet were greatly swollen, my right arm was shrunken and twisted inward, the fingers of my right hand were clenched and could not be extended except with great effort and pain. Nothing seemed to give me more than temporary relief.

"Now, during all this time and for about 30 years previously, I drank daily an average of 6 cups of strong coffee—rarely missing a meal.

"My wife at last took my case into her own hands and bought some Postum. She made it according to directions and I liked it fully as well as the best high-grade coffee.

"Improvement set in at once. In about 6 months I began to work a little, and in less than a year I was very much better, improving rapidly from day to day. I am now in far better health than most men of my years and apparently growing stronger with advancing age.

"I am busy every day at some kind of work and am able to keep up with the procession without a cane. The arm and hand that were once almost useless, now keep far ahead in rapidity of movement and beauty of penmanship."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Write for copy of the little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

Instant Postum is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with the addition of cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

"There's a reason" for Postum.

PIMPLES ON FACE, NECK AND ARMS

Very Large, Itched Badly. Suffered Terribly. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Entirely Cured Now.

411 Howard St., Dayton, Ohio.—"About a year ago my face, neck, arms and back were beginning to become afflicted with pimples and blackheads. My pimples would get very large and appear to come to a head. If I tried to open them the pain would be terrible, but nothing could be taken from them. They itched very badly; I suffered terribly from itching. After scratching, the pimples would swell and after the swelling was gone my face would become very red and remain so for some time. My clothing caused the itching to be worse. When it was warm it was utterly impossible to sleep.

"I used a cream and the more I used the worse they got. Shortly after I read the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and determined to use them. I bathed the pimples every night in warm water, using Cuticura Soap, after which I would apply the Cuticura Ointment. In the morning I would wash it off with Cuticura Soap and again apply the Cuticura Ointment. The itching stopped almost immediately. This was about three months ago and I am entirely cured now." (Signed) Miss Marguerite E. Jacobs, Jan. 13, 1913.

Why not have a clear skin, soft white hands, a clean scalp and good hair? It is your birthright. Cuticura Soap with an occasional use of Cuticura Ointment will bring about these coveted conditions in most cases when all else fails. A single set is often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

☞Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

WALKING NO LOST ART YET

York State Judges Tramp 125 and 80 Miles Respectively.

New York, Sept. 13.—Nothing has been heard of the success of the old man's pedestrian club which was formed in New York last spring with the idea of reviving enthusiasm for walking in this age of vehicles, but independently of club auspices it is said that pedestrianism is regaining its place as a sport in the environs of the metropolis. Two unusual records are reported today and must be believed since they are boasted of by two local judges.

Surrogate Herbert T. eKtcham, of Brooklyn, 62 years old, has just finished a walking trip of 125 miles in six days. He and his son Philip tramped from a camp near Hawley, Pa., where they had spent their vacation, back to their home in Brooklyn. Supreme Justice Harrington Putnam recently walked from Brooklyn to Riverhead, Long Island, a distance of 80 miles in three days.

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BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6373.—Ladies' Dress.

For home or street wear this is a stylish model. The plain blouse opens over a vest, the edges outlined by a wide collar. The fitted sleeves may be full length or shortened to the elbow and finished with a cuff. The skirt is cut in four pieces. The pattern, 6373, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and ¼ yard of 18-inch goods for the vest and ⅛ yds. of 24-inch satin.

6373

6384.—Ladies' Dressing Sacque.

This charming design is absolutely simple. The fronts and backs are both plain, the latter running to a point. A pretty collar trims the neck and the closing is arranged in the center of the front. The pattern, 6384, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material

6384

6367.—Child's Dress.

Sacque lines are used on this dress and a box plait of medium size ornaments back and front, the closing being placed under one of the edges in front. Full length sleeves are puffed at the wrist or shortened and finished with a cuff at the elbow. The pattern, 6367, is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 years requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material with ½ yard of contrasting goods.

6367

6380.—Girl's Dress.

A simple frock, the blouse having a deep tuck at the shoulders in front and a front closing. The neck is trimmed with a fancy square collar. The plaited skirt opens at the side of the front panel. The pattern, 6380, is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅜ yards of 44-inch material.

6380

6220.—Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt.

As a separate skirt or as part of a tailor made suit this simple skirt is appropriate. It closes at one side and has a few gathers at the waisting which is raised. The style is suitable for broadcloth, novelty fabrics, velveteen and the like. The skirt pattern, 6229, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 44-inch material.

6229

6386.—Misses' Dress.

Simple and dainty, this dress is made with a plain blouse, opening at the left side of the front. The neck is open, trimmed with a fancy collar and the sleeves may be full length or may end at the elbow as preferred. The pattern, 6386, is cut in sizes 14 and 18 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 44-inch material.

6386

"EVERY WOMAN HER OWN DRESSMAKER"

Any woman who doesn't know how to make a petticoat can learn easily by obtaining a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Heretofore this valuable publication was issued semi-annually. Hereafter it will appear quarterly, during the four best pattern seasons of the year, thus giving Blade readers a catalogue that is always up to date.

The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but every woman who orders a Blade pattern can get it for 2 cents, if ordered at the same time that a pattern is ordered, or for 5 cents if ordertd without a pattern. This is an opportunity that should not be overlooked. A TWO-CENT STAMP, enclosed when ordering a pattern, will get the book.

UNCLE JOE TO SEEK CONGRESS

Will Run Again From His Old District in Illinois.

Washington, Sept. 10.—Word comes from Illinois that Joe Cannon is weary of the calm and quiet of private life and is taking steps to return to congress once more. About six months Cannon has been sitting on his front porch in Danville with occasional visits to Washington and to old friends in the east. But this peaceful existence has got on his nerves and he once more is going to take a plunge into politics.

Not only will he be a candidate for the house in the Danville district next year, but virtually all the old crowd of Republicans in the house from Illinois will get into the running. Former Congressman McKinley, Rodenberg, Fuller, Sterling, Prince, Foss and McKnney are grooming themselves for the race

With the possible exception of Foss all these men have been thick and thin members of the Old Guard Republicans. Progressive Republicans in Illinois do not relish the idea of these regulars of the ancient regime in their state now coming forward to claim further honors. But the Republican machinery in Illinois is dominated sufficiently by regulars to make it necessary to reckon with the unbending standpatters.

This situation alone with the men named in the field for congress, would make the forthcoming struggle in Illinois sufficiently entertaining, but there are other striking features to it.

Former Senator "Billy" Lorimer is persevering in his intention to get re-election to the senate from which he was ousted and thus to wipe out the disgrace inflicted on him. He has opened his campaign and has begun making speeches.

It is well understood that Cannon, McKinley, Rodenberg and the prominent Republican regulars in Illinois have been in sympathy with Lorimer and hence, it is insisted by the anti-Lorimer forces, that to re-elect the old guard candidates for the house would be an indirect reinforcement to the plans of Lorimer for regaining his grip on the state.

While this was going on in the Republican party, the Bull Moose aggregation in Illinois is working hard to strengthen itself. Republicans insist the Progressive party in Illinois is getting weaker, but Congressman Hinebaugh and other Illinois Progressive party men in congress insist otherwise.

℞ To Women Seeking Health *and* Strength

For those ills peculiar to women Dr. Pierce recommends his "Favorite Prescription" as

"THE ONE REMEDY"

A medicine prepared by regular graduated physician of unusual experience in treating woman's diseases—carefully adapted to work in harmony with the most delicate feminine constitution.

All medicine dealers have sold it with satisfaction to customers for the past 40 years. It is now obtainable in liquid or sugar-coated tablet form at the drug store—or send 50 one-cent stamps for a trial box, to Buffalo.

Every woman may write fully and confidentially to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., and may be sure that her case will receive careful, conscientious, confidential consideration, and that experienced medical advice will be given to her **absolutely free.**

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar coated, tiny granules easy to take as candy.

SCIENTISTS PLAN A MONKEY FARM

Purpose Is to Try to Further Knowledge of Medicine.

New York, Sept. 12.—Monkey politicians and orators and "simian" prima donnas may be a common thing in the course of a few years, if an experiment to be made by scientists proves successful.

According to the Journal of the American Medical Association scientists who have struggled for years to prove or disprove the Darwinian theory, and incidentally have worked out medical problems and cures with the aid of monkeys, are now planning to establish a monkey farm on the Canary Islands, where the simians may be more closely studied.

Fear that in a few years the monkeys will be almost extinct has caused the movement for the experimental station. Science and medicine would sustain a severe loss if such a state of affairs should exist, says the Journal.

Will Study Language.

The "primates" are to be transported from Africa and allowed to live in their natural state. A study will be made of their language and their ability to learn to talk, gesture and sing. They will be taught color perception and the influence of certain colors upon the nerves of the monkeys will be studied and an attempt made to apply the same tests to human beings.

One of the main studies will be the hypothesis of a double origin of man, the belief universal among savages being that anthropoids living in the trees of their front yards are not brutes, but men like themselves.

Much the Same as Man.

The propagation of the simian is an important factor in the study of medicine and the discovery of serums and cures for human ills. Numerous tests have proved, says the Journal, that diseases which are prevalent in mankind exist also in monkeys, and the simian will react to the test practically the same as man.

As an example, it was a monkey who first taught that bovine tuberculosis could be transmitted to human beings, although not as easily as in monkeys. Four species of simians will be taken to the Canary Islands, the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-outang and gibbon, as these have proved to have more human traits than other anthropoids.

BIG TIM'S BODY FOUND IN MORGUE

Timothy Sullivan, the Noted Bowery Congressman, Killed by Train.

New York, Sept. 13.—"Big Tim" Sullivan, the New York politician who rose from newsboy to congressman, is dead. His mangled body was identified today by his step-brother, Larry Mulligan, after it had lain for 13 days in a local morgue.

Sullivan, who was ill, eluded his nurses in the early morning of August 31, and a few hours after was struck and killed by a train at Pelham Parkway.

Thirteen Days in Morgue.

With no identifying marks on the clothing or articles in the pockets, the body lay in Fordham morgue for 13 days awaiting identification. This morning it was sent to Bellevue morgue. There was stationed Peter Purfield, a policeman who had known "Big Tim" and liked him before his mind became clouded. Something about the expression of the features stirred Purfield's memory. By and by after he had pondered an hour or so, Purfield remarked to a reporter:

"That looks a little bit like 'Big Tim.' "

Looking at the mutilated and discolored face the reporter thought so, too. The telephone brought "Big Tim's" east side friends in groups to the morgue, but none recognized in the changed features the man they had known in his prime. Larry Mulligan, Sullivan's stepbrother, was summoned. He looked at the face once and turned away.

"It's 'Big Tim,' " he said.

On Way to East Side?

"Big Tim" met his death two hours or less after he had wandered out into the night from the home of his brother, Patrick, at Williamsbridge. The neighborhood is sparsely settled there and Sullivan had but a dollar in his pocket. He struck out across the fields for the railroad, apparently with the thought in mind that he would take a train for New York and revisit his former cronies on the East Side.

Pelham Parkway station lay not far away. It is possible that Sullivan saw its lights and made it his immediate destination. In any event his body was found at 4 o'clock in the morning near the tracks by a policeman. It was taken to the Fordham morgue.

For many months "Big Tim's" mind had been under a cloud. Elected to congress last fall, he had never taken his seat because of this trouble. A commission was appointed to administer the affairs of his large estate and to watch over his person.

Loved in the Tenements.

Timothy D. Sullivan, "Big Tim," was one of the best loved of the Tammany leaders, whose power came from popularity in swarming tenement districts that have voted many a Tammany candidate into office. His stronghold was the Bowery. There every winter he distributed shoes and clothing to thousands of human derelicts.

"Big Tim" was a child of the Bowery. He was born in a Leonard street tenement in 1863, and all his life he resided in the downtown section of New York. He was one of four young children left fatherless. When he was 11 years he was selling papers on the streets. But he was too ambitious to stay a newsboy. A year later he was working in a newspaper press room.

Sullivan was a political power in a small way before he was of age.

Sullivan's body was on its way to Potter's field when the chance observation of Policeman Pureld led to its identification. The transfer from the Fordham morgue to the one at Bellevue Hospital is the usual preliminary to interring the city's paupers and unidentified dead in the public burying ground.

LONG SLEEPER AT LAST AWAKE

Tennessean Apparently No Worse for Long Slumber.

San Jose, Cal., Sept. 13.—Wright Keebel, of Tennessee, who fell asleep when he arrived on a visit to his uncle, R. P. Keebel, of this city, on August 3, and had slept ever since, woke today apparently sound and well.

Several physicians had worked over him without results except occasionally he was partly aroused only to drop immediately back into sound slumber.

FORTUNE COMING TO SAILOR

For 30 Years He Worked on Freighters on Lakes.

Duluth, Sept. 15.—Charles Rowe, a sailor, who has been sought as a missing heir during many of the 30 years he has worked on Great Lakes freighters, learned today that a fortune of $50,000 awaits him in London, Ontario.

The fortune, known as the Rispin estate, was left him by a relative, at one time a sailor. Rowe saw in an old London, Ont., newspaper an advertisement of the administrators. He left today to claim the legacy.

Corsets that can be loosened by moving a single lever on the steels have been invented by a Paris woman.

SILK REMNANTS Wonderful Bargains IN POUND BOXES.

of beautiful Large Silk Remnants for fancy work, quilts, portieres, pillows, etc. One pound will make a grand bedspread. Send 10 Cents for a big package of lovely samples. If not delighted return them and get 25 cents for your trouble. **AGENTS WANTED**

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CHOLERA SPREADS IN RUSSIA

Asiatic Disease Is Also Prevalent in Balkans.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 13. — Asiatic cholera is spreading in Russia. The governments of Yekaterinoslav, Taurida, Tchernigov and Kutais; the Kuban and Batum territories, and the prefectures of Sebastopol and Kertch, were today officially declared "infected." The disease is also prevalent in Bulgaria and Roumania. Nearly 200 cases were recently reported in Budapest, Hungary.

The Midlanders

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

ought to have known better. Every one having county business had to come to Rome. If one didn't like the streets one could go to—Earlville.

Wiley T. Curran used to retort that a good many had. Rome contained not nearly so many people as it did when the war closed. Earlville, then, was merely one of Thaddeus Tanner's cow pastures. Earlville welcomed anyone who would "hustle" as the Boosters' Club put it. Rome did not care to have people about whose families nothing was known. Every one there had lived in Rome since 1860 at least. Even the obnoxious Mr. Curran's progenitors; and some of the old families tolerated the News solely because Pat Curran founded it before the courthouse was built. But those families were few, for Pat Curran had been one of the fighting abolitionists, and southern Iowa was noticeably in the stream of the Kentucky and Virginia migrations during the secession prelude. To this day these lower counties are known as "The Reserve," and have ever stood aloof from the rampant Republicanism of the militant north and west. In Rome still exist dim traditions of Tully's Raid and the copperheadism that was smothered in the triumph of the northern arms. It lends a political conversatism and a "best family" air to society, and accounts for the tumble-down fences, unpaved streets and Arcadian corner lots. It also furnished Curran, of the News, with editorials.

But no one who was any one minded Curran. In Rome everybody who was anybody had money. In these rich and mature days, having the static order of the East and a stationary population, more than a generation of young men had gone off from the priceless cornlands of the Canadas, or the irrigated valleys of California and New Mexico or to the big cities. Retired farmers moving into town for the schools and freedom from stock-feeding, did not compensate for the drain of younger blood. Curran lamented this. But Curran himself had gone off to swing the circle of the West for a decade and come back a beggar to take up the News on his father's death. And now the News could cackle as it pleased about progressiveness and keeping the young men in the county for their fresh spirit and lustier ideals. No one minded—none of the best people. Anybody who was anybody wouldn't think of moving away.

Except Mr. Curran. He wondered why he had come back. Sentiment brought him as it had sent him forth, as it directed most of his affairs. Sentiment, this September afternoon, kept him sitting on a bale of stock paper in front of the News office watching the town kids bat flies on the vacant lot next to him. It was press day, the week's issue was run off and Aleck and Jim Mims, the tramp printer, were wrapping the mail list to take to the postoffice in the wheelbarrow. Mr. Curran ought to have been busy, but he smoked and watched the town kids. In that same lot he batted flies with the same fence for a backstop, yelled the same derision at the pitcher, broke the same windows and fled down the same alley when old Marshal Bee came doddering from the court house on complaint of the Widow Stewer. Mr. Curran could sentimentally forget that he was 39.

A clamor of the high school football practice came from behind the curtain of yellowing sugar trees on High street. Only the younger town kids still lingered at the summer diversion of fly-batting, and for every urchin who hung his bare legs over the News walk in the tarweed, waiting his turn, there were at least two dogs. As Jim Mims said, all the yelps and kyoodles in town were there. Mr. Curran sentimentally wished he had a dog—he felt himself a man worthy a good dog. He listened to Aleck slapping the paste on the wrappers and watched the kyoodles yawing around the kids' feet scratching their spines in the tarweed and grinning up with all the pleasure of it, and he said suddenly aloud:

"Gee, I wish I had a dog!"

Then somebody whom he had not noticed—a big dutsy man wearing a new, and absurdly small derby hat—stopped with his hand on the hitching post before the News and retorted:

"Gee, I wish I had a dog!"

The editor turned and then stood up and yelled. And the big dusty man shook his hand and he yelled:

"Wiley, old top!"

"Rube, you old Indian!"

Rube grinned all over his swarthy face. "Old top, how are you?"

"High, wide and handsome!"

"You don't look that last, Wiley. How's the old lady?"

"Aunt Abby's fit as silk. Come up to dinner."

"I intended to. Hey, the kids still playing ball on the lot like they did when I was a kid!"

"Season closed, Rube? Where did your bunch wind up?"

"In the cellar. I'm through with the game, Wiley. I can't throw to second no more. My arm's all in. No more of this bush-league ball for me. Carmichael's still got that job for me—chambermaid to his livery horses?"

Mr. Curran laughed sorrowfully. So did Rube Van Hart. He rubbed his big red hands and then a telltale red nose and looked down at the town kids who had assembled to gaze at him in awe. One raced off to the high school practice to spread the news: "Hi, Rube Van Hart's got back!"

Everybody knew Rube. Poor old Rube! The whole nation knew Rube a while back—let's see? Was it with the Cubs, 1901 or '02. Eh, the bubble reputation! There were other mighty men now. Rube had gone back to the "bush."

"Next spring," went on the former leaguer, "I'll stay and coach the high-school bunch, Wiley."

"No, you won't," smiled the editor. "When you begin to read the Sunday sups, and spring training opens up down in San Antonio you'll be missing, some fine morning. Gone to help break in the Cub recruits, and then you'll play out the season with the Cotton League or the Three-C."

"N more. Here's my finish, Wiley—right here where I learned the game next the News lot. Back in the old town where you come back, too, Wiley. Back where we was kids together."

The editor looked wistfully across the court house square. The big leaguer's glance followed. A bar of the sunset lighted the dingy old court house. The windows were open. From the court room above came the voice of some lawyer droning his plea to a farmer jury. In an office on the lower floor one could see a woman bent seriously over a desk littered with papers and reports.

"The old red, west side school," murmered Rube. "And ther's Janet Vance, and now she's county superintendent, and I'm all in, and you're a fool editor. That girl got ahead of us all, Wiley, since we were kids together."

Wiley sighed. He pulled his short brown beard, that Vandyke which, in Rome, lent him a foreign air and gave him the reputation of being literary, whatever that meant. Nobody, not even the fool editor, knew exactly. Yet nobody was afraid of Mr. Curran. The kids spoke of him as "Wiley;" all the old women came in to tell him their neighborhood troubles; and on High street the best families ignored him, even with their irritated feeling that on points of the worldly manner he was infinitely better versed than they, and that he was laughing at them. It was kknown that Mr. Curran had been to Europe. It was rumored that he had been in jail. One can learn a great deal in each. Mr. Curran, it seems, had learned to laugh.

"Every time I come back to the old town," mused Rube, "I wonder why you didn't marry Janet. Everybody thought you would." He added apologetically. "She thought you would."

Wiley shrugged. Old friends can say much and hurt little.

"Why the blazes," resumed Rube, "don't you marry her yet? You and your old shop. Then you'd make a living. If she'd married me, I'd been batting .400. Now, see, I'm a busher and going down."

Wiley sat listening. "I suppose," he murmured, like a man who relishes his anticipation but draws back from its ends. He had swung the circle of the west, like most of the Midland young men. Homesteading in Dakota, mining, timber cruising, selling real estate, running country papers, leading forlorn hopes of impossible reforms in the wide-open camps of Nevada and Montana, fruit raising on the Matagorda coast of Texas, exploiting reclamation projects in Louisiana—always the enthusiastic dreamer, gaining for himself nothing at all except the ardor of the game—the mighty and expiring drama of the old west in the nineties he had seen and lived and exulted in; free-footed and shiftless for 16 years he had missed nothing of the last of the great days. He had written once of the final round-up in the southwestern cattle country and its epic note had aroused the magazine makers for its brilliance and its pathos. A dying flame with the life it celebrated. He had done nothing more; he was back in the old town, and merely Curran of the News.

He looked from Janet Vance's office window to his shop, a long one-story building, unpainted, gray, like a worm that had crawled hungrily down from its two grimy windows. You would never have thought that out of this lethargic monster came more contraband opinions, and into it more unpaid bills than any printshop in Iowa.

Over the lawn from the basement jail came a man who smelled of carbolic acid. The town kids knew he was a "trusty" and that some of the prisoners came every day to get the exchanges from the News office. The fumigated one spoke pleasantly to the editor and went for the papers. He rummaged the editor's desk, opened a drawer and filled his pipe from the editor's tobacco and came out. In the drawer were two dollars of the editor's money, but the jailbird did not touch them—that wouldn't have been playing square with "Wiley."

Rube watched him go back to the courthouse jail. Around the Square lights were coming now and then; from Dickinson's grocery, the Hub Clothing House with its Isenbaum & Kickenheimer clothes from New York; The Palace of Sweets, with a departing group of high school girls, and a countryman gazing in the window mill pond at the gold fish; the First National Bank with the gilt legend, "Van Hart & Donley," above the cornice, and before it the copperhead riot of '63—prosy and commonplace it might be, but how dear and familiar was it all!

Even Wiley T. Curran, the town's insurgent, knew it, now that he was back, a bit gray about the temples after years on the great highway beyond the everlasting hills.

Rube voiced the curious call of home-coming: "It's funny how sometimes we all want to get back. There was the two Schnitzler boys and Morrison—ain't he in the bank, now? And you and me—once Hen McFetridge batted a fly clean up in the court house clock and stopped it for six months—remember? And the night we was stealing Tanner's grapes, and you fell through the arbor on the old woman, and they pinched you — remember? What's Thad Tanner doing now?"

"Still running the county board—soaking us on bridge contracts."

"Same little old boss, eh? And Boydston and Curry — still on the board and putting Tanner's work through?"

"Sure."

"And Old Mowry, the undertaker, still living across from the Widow Steger's and watching for the old lady to die, eh?"

"Yes—still buying his groceries of Dickinson, the old lady's nephew, though he hates him worse'n poison, because he figures on getting the case when she passes. Yes, sir—seven years now Mowry has traded at Dickinson's waiting for the widow to pass, and every week they expect her to go, and she hangs on."

Rube loked across at the widow's garden, its cannas and fire-bush brilliant in the dusk. "Suffering Johnson, don't anybody ever die here, Wiley."

"No! If they did the News would have a linotype, Rube, and be a daily; and the old town would have street lights and sidewalks. Look at Earlville with its factories springing up, and the way they're opening up the soft coal streaks on the upper creek! Why we could have had all that if people here had allowed the railroad to come in! They chased away a fifty-thousand-dollar canning plant last spring because they didn't want a factory class in Rome. I came pretty near suspending publication when I heard that."

"What Rome needs is a few first-class funerals, Wiley."

"You bet!" prayed the editor fervently.

"Wiley," murmured Rube, "you got out the rottenest paper in Iowa, and the old town it has no manner of use for you, but I like you. You ain't batting anywhere near .300, but you can carry bats. I'm coming up to supper tonight."

"Sure thing, Rube!" The editor glanced to the back of his lot where the cottage light was glowing. His old housekeeper was always prepared for guests, for to Mr. Curran's table came every unknown itinerant of the road, shy farmers from the backwoods bottoms of the north side of the county, blacklisted railroad men from the Chicago strikes, any one, in fact, who had no welcome elsewhere.

The editor languidly snapped his watch. The pressmen had long finished with the paper; and although the pettifogger's pleading still came from the court room, the warm September dusk had fallen. Somewhere up the bluff a cow was bawling and from the high school campus came the caroling of boys' voices. "Court's late with that case," murmured Rube, "and ain't that the judge's son come to drive him home now?"

A young man was getting out a rather smart rig at the court house hitching rail. He helped after him a girl in white, and though the evening hid their faces and the frank and easy banter of their parting made plain the camaraderie. The girl tripped on to the store and the young man sauntered towards the News office. Half-way across his careless hail came to Wiley Curran. Then his eye went to Rube. He leaped the tar-weed gutter and grasped his uncle's hand.

"Why, Rube," he cried in his rare friendliness. "Put her there! Wiley and I saw in the Tribune about that triple you and Kelley and Schmidtz put over in that last game with Peoria—some class, Rube!"

Rube grinned appreciation. "Flare-up, Harlan. My arm's all in." He held this good-humored, lithely-built nephew off and looked him over. His blond hair curled in a likable way for women and his smile had openness and serenity. Yet in his heartiness there was reserve. His clothes helped that indefinable impression of class and poise which was inherited; but above all significant distinctions there stood his blithe and common-sense democracy, that uneradicable quality of the best American.

"Harvard," went on Rube, "don't seem to have much on you."

Harlan laughed. He pounded Rube's dusty shoulder. "Come on up to dinner, Rube. Father and I want a line on the world's series!"

Rube hesitated. "I'm a-going with Wiley, son. Somehow, I couldn't talk baseball up at your house. The judge is all right, but somehow a man can't hang out at a livery stable and feel at home with your mother. She always looks as if I smelled!"

Harlan smiled slowly. "Oh, come on!" But he was thinking. Everybody knew Rube would work all winter at Carmichael's livery stable and get drunk on bootleg whisky, with printers and farm-hands, and his mother—well, Rube finished the thought. "You see, Harlan, you mother's a mighty fine woman, but there's never much between us. Up at your table my hands and feet seem so blamed big—and once, Harlan, I busted right into a wimmen's club when I went there!"

Wiley and Harlan shouted. Rube, the black sheep, at Mrs. Van Hart's club meeting—they could imagine that!

Rube went on grinning: "When you and Elise Dickinson get married and have a home, I'll come up and tell you how we put 'em over the plate."

Harlan's reserve came back. "Rube, I'm not engaged to Elise. Every time I go back to school somebody starts that yarn."

Wiley watched him keenly. He could see the rich grocer's daughter down High street apparently waiting at the drug store corner. Elise was going east to school this year—Bryn Mawr or Wellesley—Wiley recalled. He thought it was Mrs. Van Hart who prompted this rather than have Miss Dickinson "finish" at the Baptist Seminary in Rome. Mrs. Van Hart's word was of weight on High street—and the grocer had more money than anyone except Thaddeus Tanner.

But something in Harlan's straightout declaration decided Wiley that the mother's grooming of a prospective daughter-in-law would be in vain. Elise was an extraordinarily "nice" girl. There was no doubt of that. But what attracted Curran the most was some potential rebellion in Harlan. Judge Van Hart's wife was not only the arbiter of High street, but it was said, with show of truth, that she ruled her family with something of the authority of a grand dame of the old school. Mr. Curran and the News were her pet aversions—as Mr. Curran mischievously knew, but nothing had ever withheld the affectionate friendship of Harlan and himself.

"Well, I didn't know," muttered Rube apologetically. "All the kids grow up and get married. Except Wiley and me—but then we never growed up!" And he and Wiley laughed wistfully together. "Well, I'm going down to the station and lug up my stuff," went on Rube. "Tell Aunt Abby to have hot biscuits, Wiley . . . and honey!"

The town kids straggled after Rube. "Nobody," sighed Mr. Curran, "wants to be an editor."

Nobody did. At least nobody in Rome. All the kids would rather grow up to be noble and handsome and great and able to bat .400 like Rube Van Hart. They would rather sneak into Carmichael's stable and help bed the horses than go fishing.

Only two of all the barelegged crew remained. The yelps and kyoodles had wandered home or after Rube and his idolators—all except the Widow Steger's dog, a lone, strange, German sort of dog with no legs to speak of, a lonesome, boyless kyoodle that had to go home early and sleep under the geranium box.

Harlan looked with friendly interest at the two urchins remaining. They were a fair, open breed of the north, tow-headed, sunned by wholesome summer. The editor smiled out at them from his desk which he was locking. The Danish boys held his fancy; he was given to sentimentalizing over the race fusion of the west, and fine editorializing of that sort when he ought to have been down meeting trains for personals, or noting the fall millinery openings around the Square.

"Well, Knute," he began, and the elder of the two found some awkward fearlessness to address him:

"We just thought you might know first," Knute said. "Just as soon as the jury gets in."

Curran glanced across at the court house again. "Oh, yes. Your dad's case is on, isn't it? Hope he licks 'em, Knute!"

The boy flushed gratefully. "Mr. Mason said we'd win, sure!" His young note of faith arose. "He said what's law and justice for if Old Thad don't have to dig up for having his crusher fixed so's paw'd get his arm cut off. Mason, he said what's law and justice for if a poor man can't win against a rich man."

The judge's son listened with a smile. Next to Wiley Curran, Lafe Mason, the lawyer, was the demagogic scalawag of Rome. Wiley reached a hand to pat Knute's head. "Little man! I hope you win—you ought to."

Knute's courage grew. "Well, here's Harlan, his dad's judge. And the whole county says Judge Van Hart's the finest man there is. He wouldn't let old Thad Tanner get the best of dad in a suit, would he?"

A curious consciousness came to Harlan's face. He caught Wiley's pitying smile. "Lindstrom's suing Tanner for the loss of his arm at the quarry," the editor said. Tanner offered two hundred as a settlement, but Mason persuaded John to sue. And I'm afraid"—he checked his voice—"well, contributory negligence and all that. Lord, lord—two hundred for a man's right arm—a workingman's arm!"

To Be Continued.

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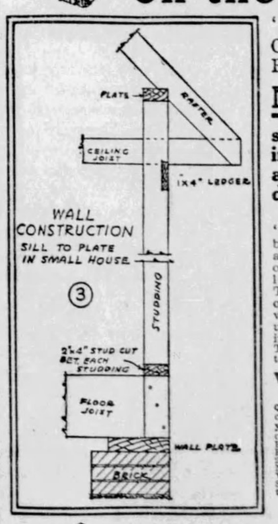

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A Chicago professor says he never kissed a girl. But there are two sides to every story.

No wonder President Wilson likes the new tariff bill. It's his ownest own sweet little baby.

No matter how old a man is, he is still a boy to the good, gray-haired mother who prays for him.

There is enough difference of opinion on the subject of kissing to start two opposing political parties.

Mr. Bryan buys his grape juice by the keg, not by the jugful. Traditional suspicion attaches itself to a jug.

The school of experience opens every morning when the whistle blows and remains in session until bedtime.

Now if the Mexicans had some mild sport like the tariff to interest them maybe they could get along with less bloodshed.

Give them X-ray skirts and diaphanous emotions and still women would be beyond the comprehension of mere man.

Dr. Wiley says woman sprang from a "monitious bioplasm." Bet Mrs. Wiley sprang for the dictionary when she saw that.

Germany ate eight thousand, one hundred and thirty-two dogs in the year 1912. America should worry about dog days.

Queen Wilhelmina has decorated Andrew Carnegie. But not, let us rejoice, with the tail feathers of the dove of peace.

If it were true that man wants but little here below two hundred and fifty-pound women would never get a chance to marry.

Any time a man begins to dream about woman as a lovely flower some member of the sex with a raucous voice wakes him up.

Parisian scientists have discovered that the flea is troubled with a parasite of its own. But no doubt it would have gone to the dogs anyway.

One Kansas town has passed a law forbidding mules to bray at night. Pretty tough to compel a night-braying mule to suppress his emotions until daylight.

Miss Jessie Wilson's wedding garments will be purchased in America. But that doesn't necessarily mean that her father will be a candidate for a second term.

The old-fashioned boy would turn a grindstone for two hours to get to go fishing for thirty minutes. Those were the days when a youngster appreciated a bite.

Some self-made men make the mistake of thinking the job is complete, when as a matter of fact there are a number of finishing touches that should be put on the upper story.

Mrs. Marie Russak, head of the theosophical society of the world, says the weight of a soul is four and seven-sixteenths of an ounce. But is it possible that a butcher's soul weighs the same as a poet's?

Somebody has figured that one man can do now what it took sixteen men to do fifty years ago. That may be true, when it comes to work, but it takes more men to do the loafing than it did fifty years ago.

Miss Jessie Hardy Stubbs, of Chicago, says that even if it were true that woman was made out of man it must have been out of the backbone. Don't know about that, Jessie; there are occasions when one might get the notion that it was the funny bone.

Had Premier Asquith turned around and uppercut one or two of the frenzied suffragettes who assaulted him some people would have commended him for protecting himself; but perhaps a large working majority would have denounced him as an unprincipled brute. It is impossible to please everybody.

Some people have an idea that sneezing is all there is to a case of hay fever. They are wrong; the sneezing is incidental. Sore throat, a hawking cough, rusty bronchial tubes and irritated nasal glands are resultant aggravations. Furthermore, there is a state of mind which leaves the victim in doubt whether to ride a motorcycle or kick the family cat.

THE FARMER'S INCOME.

The department of agriculture at Washington has done some figuring on the returns the American farmer gets from his labor and worry and responsibilities. Superficially, the results look dispiriting. After interest on an average mortgage of $1,715 is paid and the farm expenses are subtracted from the income from farm products, the average American farmer has $537.50 for living expenses and such surplus as he may put away in the bank for a rainy day and the cancellation of the mortgage. This would mean that while hundreds of farmers may enjoy incomes many times the average of the profession, probably thousands have a much smaller income than $537.50.

Yet the department of agriculture modifies the austerity of its findings by explaining that the sum for living expenses and savings does not include an allowance for the food products grown and consumed on the farm. Nor does it include income from investments. The department finds that a surprising number of farmers are capitalists, possibly a majority of them—having money placed for investment in farm mortgages, money in land worked by tenants and money in town lots, school, municipal and industrial bonds, money in the stocks of banks, realty companies, railroads and mills. In recent years, farmers in America, perhaps because they have a professional interest in the market pages of the newspapers, have become investors in diversified securities to an extent it has been impossible for the statisticians to measure.

From the census returns, the department has learned that the average total investment per farm is $6,443. Implements and machinery represent less than $200 of this investment, indicating that the farmer has not taken advantage as fully as he might of the vast developments in mechanics of the last half century. That is, the average farmer has not. While the area of the average American farm is 138 acres, fewer than 50 acres of this average farm are under cultivation.

The average income of the farmer, of course, is rising, though probably not as fast a rate as might be supposed, considering the prices which farm products have been bringing of late. The investment value of the farm is bound to increase. The farmer least able to buy machinery, or most reluctant, is yet accumulating labor-saving appliances and the children of the farm may be counted upon to use them much more than the sire. This would apply equally to what we would call the enterprising agriculturist and what, very often unjustly, has been termed the backward farmer. Altogether the outlook for the industry is encouraging—not only from the sentimental point of view, but also from the thoroughly practicable.

THE DEATH OF MAYOR GAYNOR.

To be mayor of New York, no less than being an active candidate for the office, calls for the physique and confidence of the soldier. Henry George died because the struggle of the campaign was too much for his powers. William J. Gaynor died because he had worn himself out trying to do what he thought his duties required, trying to keep his head above the swirling tides of local politics, trying to be something for five millions of people, a large part of whom were passionately anxious to do something to him.

The local campaign in New York is even more puzzling and bewildering than is usual with a city which, apparently, prefers its politics that way. What the death of Mayor Gaynor will do toward further complicating the situation, or clearing it, no one probably knows now.

But we would dare to guess this—that the metropolitan press, which has been extravagant with abuse of Gaynor and everyone who has had anything to do with Gaynor, will sing small through the rest of the campaign. The mayor then will not have died in vain. New York should profit by reason of the damper placed on the vitriol-throwers, of which it has mobilized more than five millions of people need or ought to be called upon to support.

GOOD ROADS AND THE CANAL.

Enthusiasts of the legislative committee which has been investigating the state canal properties are said to have made up their minds to recommend the conversion of the waterways into canals capable of transporting thousand-ton barges. Their estimate for this work is $27,000,000.

The improvement of means of transportation is a cause so worthy that the most stupid and reactionary would hesitate to oppose any scheme suggested. But as between spending $27,000,000 on the canals and spending that much treasure on the public highways, we believe that every unselfish and patriotic Ohioan would vote for the highways.

Of the 88,861 miles of public roads in Ohio, just 24,106 miles, or 27.13 per cent, had been improved up to 1909, when the last federal census of road-making was taken. In point of mileage this puts us nearly upon a par with Indiana, the total of whose good roads exceeds that of any other state. Yet in percentage of good roads to bad and indifferent, we trail behind Massachusetts, Indiana, New Jersey and Rhode Island. The federal statistics show that in the five years ending with 1909 we made so poor a gain that we were not included among the eleven states most determined to pull themselves out of the mud. A lull had come in our road-making industry.

The $27,000,000 which the canal committee, according to the present signs, will ask for, would build more than 37,200 miles of sand-clay roads, a roadbed which lacks much that is desirable, but yet one which would represent an immense improvement over many roads now in service. The $27,000,000 would build 13,000 and more miles of gravel road. It would build 5,400 miles of macadam and nearly 2,000 miles of bituminous macadam road.

The question of rehabilitating the canals is open to debate. But there is no argument about improving the public highways. The good that good roads do is a matter not of speculation, but of fact which every county in Ohio can recite. Before the state enters upon the attempt to restore prosperity to the canals, the state should be able to boast at least 60,000 miles of good roads.

FAULTS OF DISTRIBUTION.

If any American city were compelled, through isolation by flood or storm, or by reason of a military blockade, to depend for its food upon its own stores of supply and the agricultural country surrounding it, it would quickly be brought to the sharp edge of starvation. The food of our cities comes from every quarter of the country, grain from the middle west, vegetables and fruit from the south and the far west, factory products from a thousand far-scattered communities.

All this represents a mutual dependance that works against the evils of sectionalism and provincialism. But much of it, too, represents waste in transportation costs, waste in the commissions of agents, waste in the unavoidable losses in transit. Among the important causes of the high cost of living is this preventable squandering of effort in the distribution of food products.

The next great achievement for the American people should be a reform of the system of distribution. We shall never go back to that stage where the country that surrounded a city fed it. But we can approach that condition and profit by it.

WILL THE CURRENCY BILL DO?

The complex nature of the Owen-Glass currency bill may be illustrated by the fact that when a synopsis of it was first printed, bankers in Toledo spoke of it with enthusiasm, and yet the Toledo bankers appeared in the formidable lists of those who protested against the measure. It is to be understood by this that maturer consideration had convinced them that the bill contained provisions they believed were bad.

This complexity may further be illustrated by the fact that one of the authors of the bill, Senator Owen, admitted he was ignorant as to the meaning and possible results of certain sections.

The administration, having acquired a tariff bill to its liking, is now seeking a new triumph by pushing the currency bill through congress before the regular session begins in December.

The Owens-Glass bill's first effect, if it passed in its present shape, would be to reduce by an enormous amount the bank deposits in the 40 largest cities in the United States. The contraction of credit would be temporary, but it would prove a hardship while it lasted, falling not upon the great borrowers of money alone, but also upon hundreds and thousands of small borrowers. Congress should hesitate a long time and weigh well the gains against the losses before it gives its approval to this section.

Many of the national banks would find it impossible to do business under the new dispensation. If congress feels it would be good to have the business of banking narrowed, some of the smaller communities, the national banks of which would change their present character to one less responsible, might feel quite the other way. It would seem only fair to consider them.

The stable nature of the currency systems of England, Germany and France has been a matter of envy to this country. The note-issuing power of those nations is in the hands of the banks and no reason has been found there for regretting it. The Owens-Glass bill, probably as a compliment to the well-known views of Mr. Bryan, carries the system of government note-issuing to its extreme point. Is congress convinced that there are no advantages in the European system? Does it believe that that practice plays no part in rendering the currency systems strong or flexible?

Currency bankers have filed a protest against the check-collecting feature of the bill. They find that they will suffer. Who will gain by the loss? Congress should know that before it responds to the pleadings and commands of the White House.

The bogie of Wall Street will be worked to the point of exhaustion in steering the bill through house and senate. And yet, if we are to understand anything from the comment of a Wall street financial newspaper, that gathering place of all iniquities feels rather smug over the prospect of the Owens-Glass bill becoming a law. Examination of the bill has shown it that the measure will make money plentiful and reasonable as to interest in the period when call money must be hunted for and obtained only at a high rate.

The country needs currency reform. Still it does not follow that anything in the shape of a currency bill means reform. Better no bill than one whose good will not more than balance the disturbance it sets up through the mere changing of common practice and routine. Better no bill than one an author of which is ready to confess he does not understand.

THE TREE SAVERS.

In the bureau known as the Office of Forest Pathology, the government maintains an institution which is doing work which will entitle it to the gratitude of generations unborn. It is the special duty of this office to study the diseases of trees and find how they may be controlled or altogether eliminated.

A few years ago a blight appeared among chestnut trees which threatened to render this species extinct on the American continent. The office of Forest Pathology has found the way by which the blight can be quarantined and kept within the district now affected until it is destroyed. Another disease, the white pine blister rust, was imported from Europe and gained distribution among the nurseries of six states. The government agents are tracing the plants that were sold and, wherever they find them, are seeing that they are destroyed to the end that the disease may be completely conquered. Young cone bearing trees, under artificial conditions, have had an inexplicable way of bending over and dying. The pathologists learned that this could be overcome by a simple treatment of the soil.

Conservation is no longer a theory or a mere doctrine. It is a policy in force.

THE WORLD TO GO CRAZY?

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the Battle Creek sanitarium man, assured the American Public Health Association, meeting at Colorado Springs, that the human race is gradually growing crazy. By saving the weaklings, he said, humanity is writing the destruction of its reason and that, in time, will mean the destruction of the species.

Man has been described as the unnatural child of nature. Perhaps he is, in such matters as wearing clothes against the rule of all other animal life, in making a slave of forces which hitherto had held him enslaved and in exercising pity where pity means hurt to the compassionate. But man never gets so far from the laws of nature that he cannot come back to them. He travels upon a circle and the circle moves around inexorably to the place of its beginning. If protecting and preserving the weaklings are found to threaten the race, the weaklings will be destroyed as remorselessly as the cave men killed the aged and the hopelessly infirm. And just as the necessity of war has been glorified and, in its turn, work, so would man convince himself that putting the weaklings out of the world was a thing virtuous and glorious. Yet it might not have to come to that. The law of life will probably be content to command that the weaklings may live, but may not reproduce.

EQUALITY IN DISCOMFORT.

When Miss Eleanor Wilson, daughter of the President, boarded a train a few evenings ago, there were nothing except upper berths available for her. Friends went through the cars, asking men to exchange, but neither pleading nor the magic name of the President could affect a trade. "They all said the same thing," one of the indignant friends said, "that the President's daughter could sleep in an upper berth as well as anyone else."

That the train ran out of New York explains something of this lack of courtesy. Chivalry and Manhattan parted company many years ago. But the incident may have more significance than metropolitan selfishness and bad manners. It may indicate that as women come nearer and nearer to that equality they desire so strongly they shall lose the advantages which have been theirs since the idea of protecting the weak first touched the imaginations of men. An acknowledgment of equality in the law is likely to lead to an acknowledgment of equality in enduring inconvenience or discomfort.

BUSINESS AND THE TARIFF.

Senator Simmons, who served as pilot for the tariff bill through the senate, predicted that the final passage of the measure would act as an "immediate stimulus to business."

While the tariff bill has been under discussion the gross earnings of the railroads have established new records, shipping on the great lakes, dependent for its prosperity upon the prosperity of the steel mills, has been busier than ever before, the country's export trade has increased, enormous dividends have been disbursed and the results of a crop failure have been balanced by successes with other crops. This has been, not because business foresaw betterments through the tariff bill, but because business calculated the readjustments and sacrifices it would have to make and then proceeded to turn a deaf ear to the talk at Washington.

Prosperity is here in spite of the tariff talk. She will stay in spite of such things as may exist in the new tariff law which will tend to make her feel she is unwelcome.

Whenever we hear a woman filling the whole street car with her conversation, how we long to catch once more the sweet, mellow voice of dear old grandmother of sainted memory.

Men may ride in six-cylinder autos and clip coupons for pastime, but none ever looks as independent or possesses the sangfroid of a traveling umbrella fixer.

The idea of conserving calves is a good one, but some of the beefsteak that is purchased in the open market suggests the thought that conservation can be overdone.

Perhaps some of the Japanese want to fight China because they need the exercise.

Sunday School

THE SLUMP IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT

The International Sunday Schol Lesson for Sept. 21 Is "The Golden Calf."—Ex. Ch. 32.

(By William T. Ellis.)

According to the morning newspaper, one of New York's best known citizens retired from an important political conference in a huff, openly expressed his disgust with the people. Every leader has occasion to grow angry at the popular mistakes. There are strange slumps in public opinion. Times without number the people turn their backs on the better and choose the worse. What is sometimes true of most persons is always true of some. Even in the highdays of life they turn to low aims that can be illustrated from almost every decade.

If we try to apply reason to the situation of the old Israelites camped on the Plains of Sinai while Moses was in the Mount, we fail to find any logical ground sufficient to warrant their conduct. They simply ought not to have gone after that golden calf. They were waiting at the foot of the Mount of the Law. Their leader was in conference with Jehovah, their own vow of allegiance was still hot upon their lips. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, despite all right and reason, they contributed their jewelry to make an image. What a dramatic picture there of the way the sublime and the sordid crowd close together in life. In the very shadow of the smoking mountain a foolish golden calf like those of Egypt was set up.

When People Are as Monkeys

The great satire of Kipling's JUNGLE BOOK protrays society as the "Bandar-log." These monkey folk could never hold to one idea for any length of time. They were in a mad race for some new sensation. Tree-top chatterers, they were wholly lacking in the stability and steadfast purpose of the strong jungle folk. These emancipated Jews were sadly like the Bandar-log. The 40 days that Moses, their leader, was on the mountain seemed a long time to them. They could not hold fast to their vows for that many days. They needed something in the fashion of a diety to fill their vacant eyes.

We must go slowly here lest we rail unduly at people. To be patient with our kind is one of the first lessons of maturity. We must make allowance for folks. Human nature is exceedingly human. All of us, like Omar Khayyam; at some time or other long

"To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire."

We desire to conform the rest of the world to our standards, whereas the better way is to be patient with people's shortcomings and limitations. We must live with the people who are now on this earth with all their deficiencies and lop-sidedness. Perhaps seen through their eyes we ourselves are not as perfect as we take it for granted the world knows us to be.

The Old Life That Clings.

A familiar, tragic anecdote relates how a man, released from prison, had lived an exemplary life in a community where his past was not known. Then an enemy, who knew him as a convict, appeared and in the presence of other persons suddenly called the convict's old number. Involuntarily the ex-convict, now a respectable citizen, made instant answer as he used to do within prison walls. The deed was a cruel one but the illustration is true. The old life still clings.

The curse of Israel's slavery in Egypt was that it had given them the state of mind of slaves. In that debased period of their life they had learned the insidious practice of idolatry. Now in this new hour of emancipation, the old life rose up and bound them with its chains. That is the curse of the past—it won't stay past. It insists on coming up and being the present. Therein lies the blight of all the bad habits of youth which manacle manhood. A Christian publisher gave employment to a hardened gambler who wanted to reform. The question arose as to the number of wrappers an ordinary worker could address in a day. Involuntarily the ex-gambler offered to bet the publisher a dollar that he could address more than the normal number. The moral lapses leave scars.

This defection of the old Jews to Egyptian idolatry meant more than the mere worship of an image Along with the setting up of the idol went a carousal. We do not understand some of the implications of idolatry until we are informed upon the immorality which has always been associated with it. If this Western world could for one illuminated hour see the real meaning of idolatry in the East, there would be scant patience shown the turbanned swamis who lead silly American women astray.

When the Leader Goes Wrong.

A friend who is active in the most advanced social reforms lamented bitterly the other day her failure to secure the co-operation of the social and religious leaders of her community. With biting scorn she pictured their timorousness as they shrank from going a step in advance of the people. Her picture is doubtless true of her own community, but it is by no means a warranted generalization. Aaron was a priest after this order. He was the kind of leader who follows the people. There is a great deal in political and social life that passes for leadership which is merely keeping in front of the procession. Aaron-like, this sort of leader finds out which way the people are going and then goes that way first. Of course Aaron, in authorizing the golden calf, stultified his office and himself. That calf is a monument to his sin of compliance.

Worse than a bad deed is an effort to lie out of it. Yet it is everywhere true that most evil doers are incidently liars. Nobody expects truth in a criminal court. If we were to believe the pleas of not guilty which are offered to police justices and committing magistrates all over the world, we would consider our day a marvel of injured innocence. Aaron tried to blame the golden calf on the furnace. His excuse was as futile as that of the boy with the jam upon his face who blames the pantry theft upon the cat. History would look upon Aaron with less contempt if he had stood up under his own offense and like a true man owned up to his iniquity.

When a Good Man Gets Angry.

In an ecstatic mood Moses came down from the mount. The glow of that marvelous experience was shining in his face. He was uplifted in spirit. Everything was attuned to the divine hours through which he had just passed. Then came the noise of the festival before the golden calf. A cold douche indeed. A startling, overwhelming experience brought a terrific reaction to Moses. He was like a convention delegate, who is brought suddenly down to the everyday work in a world that never heard of his convention.

What followed was a mixture of bad temper and righteous indignation. Smashing to the ground, the leader threw his tables of the law. There was the Moses who slew the Egyptian. He did not have himself well in hand. Culture is always an affair of the party of the first part. Nothing that other persons may do can warrant the surrender of a man's self respect or an abandonment of his poise. Moses fell from the position which he should have occupied as a leader when in anger he began to smash things like a boorish husband in a temper.

Just at present the newspapers are quoting a speech of President G. Stanley Hall upon the punishment of children. According to reports, President Hall says that punishment should be served hot, right off the griddle, following hard on the heels of the offense. Too much deliberation spoils the effect of the chastisement. Now Moses did well when on the instant, and without any meditation or discussion, he had the image, which was probably only an overlay of gold and heavily alloyed, ground up into powder and thrown upon the water, which the idolaters were forced to drink. This was ignominy for both idol and idolaters. The appropriateness of the punishment appeals to everybody.

A Leader's Mother Instict.

There is nothing unusual in the state of mind of every great leader toward his peoplet. They are his. He must care for them. Despite their failings, they are still his charge and care. Their welfare he values before his life. When I went through a woodland path one day I happened upon a mother grouse and a family of chicks. Without an instant's hesitation the grouse flew at my face and offered fierce battle—until her chicks had got away. That mother instinct which dares all for the sake of offspring, is shared by the leader of men.

This was exemplified in Moses' cry, when he appealed for the forgiveness of the idolaters. "And if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy Book which Thou hast written." That touches the level of the Apostle Paul, who was willing to be accursed for his brethren's sake. It approaches the height of Calvary in its vicariousness.

Despite all their defects and lapses, they were his people. If they were to suffer, he must suffer, too. Therein we glimpse the innermost tragedy of every offense by an individuall or a community. The innocent suffer with the guilty, the high with the low. The shame of the son is greater shame to the parents. The soiled character of a friend stains other spirits than his own. The shallow-minded Israelites little dreamed that they were plunging their great leader, who at the hour was in their service, into the depths of sorrow.

ENGLAND SOBERING UP

New York Sun.

England is becoming a more sober though, perhaps not a more godly nation. About thiry-four years ago the population of the United Kingdom consumed about three bottles of wine a head, and now it is little more than one bottle.

The population is larger, and so the wine merchants are not all ruined, and they sell whisky, which has a great deal to do with the decline in wine drinking. It is an age of realism, and whisky and even port are not treated now with proper respect.

We have, according to Messrs. Gibey, a "curtailment almost to vanishing point of the after dinner setting;" in the old days men would reverently empty the decanter before lighting a large cigar, but now they take small ones, or even a cigaret, and it is to be feared sometimes smoke them before finishing their port.

A Boy's Song.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg.

Miners' Slang Justified

The Coal Age.

SLANG is technical language in which a word or a sentence conveys to the initiated that which it would take a tedious description to express—hence, however much we may frown upon it, it will ever be in popular but changing use. Even the miners use different special terms in their work; for example, the coal miner and the metal miner, the German and the English miner, the Cornishman and the Australian, New Zealand and South Africa mining man.

Who is there who would understand a report of a game of baseball or football, if it were reported in common untechnical language, or what journal would print it! Yet it is as just to ask that the language of our athletic sports shall be translated into the vernacular, as to demand that mining language shall be. To bring this about, the uneducated miner would have to change the world, as his language is as obscure to others as that of the most abstruse mining article is to him.

That all writing for general or for class teaching should be made as simple as possible is a truism, but it is as necessary for the uneducated mining man to educate himself up to the standard of others as it is for the learned writer to forsake that which has become to him as his mother tongue, and use language that he has long ago forgotten; and which usually has so many different shades of meaning that it cannot convey a clear and positive technical idea. Neither class of mining men should despise the other, but both should strive to approach each other as far as practicable and become mutually helpful.

Technical terms are the shorthand of scientific language that allow one in a few words, to save many pages of untechnical writing. In fact, to the scientifically trained man, these terms are the common everyday language in which he thinks, and they are perfectly simple and clear to him. In truth, in most cases, it seems impossible for him to use different language.

All men in every walk of life employ special technical terms suited to the occupation they follow. All have to use that language to a greater or less extent, and when anyone desires to be at all versed in, or to understand, any subject, he must become the master of its technical language.

Sierra Pan.

I am fire and dew and sunshine,
I am mist on the foamy wave,
I'm the rippling note of the field lark's throat,
I'm the jewel hid in the cave.

I'm the lightning-flash on the mountain,
And the cold rose-red of the dawn,
I'm the odor of pine, and the purple vine,
I'm the willowy leap of the fawn.

I'm the sigh of the south wind of autumn,
The scent of the earth at first rain,
The wild honker-call of the earliest fall,
I'm the yellow of ripening grain.

I'm the music no singer has dreamed of,
I'm the picture from no painter's art;
I'm the rhythmic time of no poet's rhyme,
I'm Joy in the human heart.

—Henry Meade Bland.

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

MIDSHIPMAN EASY; By Capt. Marryat.

JACK EASY was the worst-spoiled boy in England. From babyhood he had had but one lesson drilled into his brain by his father, an eccentric old country squire. The lesson was that "all men are equal."

Old Mr. Easy was a crank on the subject of "the rights of man." He would not even send Jack to school until he heard of an institution where the birch rod was never used. Jack went to this school and found, true enough, that the birch rod as a means of punishment, was tabooed, the master finding he could thrash far more effectively with a rattan cane. Out of lesson hours the boy was forever trying to put his father's "rights of man" theories into practice.

For instance, when a farmer caught him stealing apples Jack explained profoundly that the mere fact of the farmer laying claim to the apples which chanced to grow on a certain portion his, as the earth belonged to all men, and hence so did the apples growing on it.

The farmer could not see it that way of the earth did not make those apples and set his dog on Jack, who, in trying to escape, fell first into a highly active beehive and then down a well.

Again acting on the same principle the boy stole fish from a private pond and received another lesson in the difference between theory and practice as regards equality and the rights of man, for the pond's owner collared him and confiscated not only his fish but his costly fishing rod as well.

A few more lessons of this sort were followed by Jack obtaining, through family influence, the post of midshipman. His next four years were spent at sea, and there, long before his term of service was up, his early ideas that "one man is as good as another" were effectively hammered out of him.

He found that on shipboard a bumptious young midshipman is equal to his superior officers in no one's estimation except his own. He found also that every effort to enforce such a belief was even more disastrous to him than had been his tumble into the beehive and the well.

Jack Easy came home from sea thoroughly cured of his inherited notions as to equality and the rights of man. Incidentally, he came home to trouble. His mother—who had spoiled him—was dead. His father had become the dupe of a gang of swindlers and grafters who used Mr. Easy's "equality" ideas as a means to bleed him of a goodly part of his large fortune. His tenants, too, acting on the same theory, had stopped paying rent.

Jack, full of the new-found common sense that had been so mercilessly battered into him, burst like a cycline upon this orgy of plunder and deception. He secured control of his father's affairs, drove out the crooks who infested his home, and made the tenants pay their arrears of rent.

War was declared with Spain. Jack bought a ship, fitted it out at his own expense and set forth as a privateer to prey on Spanish commerce. He fought gallantly against his country's foes and won many adventures and many prizes.

As a climax he won as bride a beautiful Spanish girl whom he first met aboard a vessel that he had just captured. The war over, Jack and his young bride came back to a life of luxury and happiness in England. Old Mr. Easy had meantime died, and what was left of his fortune descended to his only son. Jack once and for all refuted his father's lifelong "equality" beliefs by a sound bit of homely logic:

"Were all equal in beauty," he argued, "there would be no beauty. For beauty is only by comparison. Were all equal in strength, conicts would be interminable. Were all equal in rank and power and possessions, the greatest charms of existence would eb destroyed. Generosity, gratitude and half the finer virtues would be unknown."

VARIETIES

Cotton is the chief crop of southern India.

Greece has 345,950 acres in vineyards.

Eygpt, in 1912, imported goods valued at $128,062,035.

China, in 1912, exported 82,244 packages of firecrackers.

Hungary exports much of its hay crop at $15 to $18 a ton.

A milk preserving factory is to be started in Kamloops, British Columbia.

Peru has passed a law to encourage irrigation projects in every possible way.

Swiss will colonize 5,000,000 acres of land along Magdalena bay, lower California.

Ceylon has about 1,000 mines for plumbago, that country's most important mineral product.

The spring sheep shearing in Utah brought about 13,000,000 pounds of wool from 2,000,000 sheep.

A sailing vessel built 103 years ago recently began another voyage from England to South Africa.

Irrigation has been practiced in Spain nearly a century, the first canal having been begun in 1814.

The official headquarters of the Percheron horse industry are at Nogent-le-Rotrou, near Paris.

There are nearly 6,000,000 acres of waste land in this country which are capable of being cultivated.

A motor driven reciprocating saw has been patented by a California inventor for slicing meats evenly.

There are nearly 6,000 professional foresters in Germany who are associated with various technical societies.

The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

The German navy has converted an old torpedo boat into a combined tug boat and ice breaker for use around Berlin.

The government of Panama has given a new concession for the establishment of a hippodrome near Panama City.

The Panama canal lock gates are receiving a coating of marine paint that will average one-sixteenth of an inch thick.

The United States and Russia together own about one-half the horses in the world, each having about 21,000,000 head.

A motor driven machine, operated by one man, has been invented to harvest sugar cane and deliver it ready for the mill.

By inventing delicate apparatus a Russion scientist proved that light waves exerted a measurable mechanical pressure.

The Asiatic town of Malwatch, on the borders of Russia, is peopled by men only. Women are forbidden entrance there.

Two of the largest circuses carry their own electric plant, illuminating everything from the largest to their smallest tents.

A portable machine has been patented by a North Carolinian for cutting leather belts or perforating them accurately for splicing.

Greece possesses a curious criminal law. A person condemned to death there waits two years before the execution of the sentence.

The value of the grindstones and pulp stones produced in the United States last year was the greatest in the history of the industry.

The Balkan war has brought about a rise in certain lumber prices in Europe because of the big demand for wood for ammunition boxes.

To keep automobilists' feet warm in cold weather an Englishman has invented a hot water tank with foot-shaped depressions in the top.

According to a French experimenter, the temperature of the carbon filament in an ordinary incandescent lamp approaches 2,900 degrees.

Sixty banks, including branches, are situated in Vancouver, British Columbia, and their combined clearings during 1912 amounted to $650,000,000.

The German army expects to spend nearly $25,000,000 in the next five years for dirigible balloons and aeroplanes, and the navy half as much.

A single turn of a corkscrewlike implement that a Pennsylvanian has patented cuts out the core of a grape fruit and loosens the pulp from the skin.

Nearly 70 per cent of the residents of the United States are using electricity in some form every day, if only for telephoning or ringing door bells.

Trade in human hair is a big industry abroad, exports sometimes reaching a total of $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 a year. Italian merchants lead in the trade.

The first extensive list of books and articles on industrial, trade and vocational education yet compiled has just been issued by the United States bureau of education.

In the hope of introducing into the United States, an expert from the department of agriculture has been sent to Manchuria to get specimens of a peach that weighs a pound.

In 1912 British Columbia admitted 56,817 settlers, not including settlers from the middle west of Canada, as follows: Great Britain, 16,518; United States, 28,688; others, 11,611.

Of the 220,902 Germans who emigrated in 1881, 206,189, or 93 per cent, went to the United States. Throughout the succeeding three decades the proportion ranged about 90 per cent.

In most parts of China wood is very scarce and costly. Most of the trees were cut down long ago, and every year dry leaves and grass are raked and gathered with the utmost care.

The Tasmanian apple orchard eight years old will net the owner in an average year from $200 to $300 an acre. The increase of orchard area in Tasmania is at the rate of 2,000 acres a year.

Chinamen are at present showing a strong sentiment in favor of using Chinese products instead of those of foreign origin. This tendency is especially noteworthy in the case of tobacco.

The coast land of western Norway is almost devoid of forests, except where protection is afforded from the sea winds. The bulk of the forests, consisting of pine, birch and spruce, are found farther in the interior, at the heads of the fiords and in the valleys.

With the completion of the Canadian Pacific railway's new passenger station, at a cost of $1,000,000, and the terminals of the Great Northern railway and the Canadian Northern railway, at a cost of several millions of dollars, Vancouver will be a railway center of importance.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

ALL THE DAYS OF MY LIFE

This is the title of a charming and ly helpful autobiography lately blished by Amelia E. Barr, whose things have pleased girls and women this land and England, for more an half a century. Mrs. Barr is w 82 years old, and still working, true friend to her sister woman, d a believer in suffrage for all. Amelia Huddleston, says Hildegarde thorn in the N. Y. Times, began is incarnation," as she tells in, in little town of Ulverston, Lancare, England, and charming are the ly chapters that relate the life led herself and her family in various rts of the country, for her father as a Methodist minister, frequently nsferred from one charge to anher.

She was "a child eager for work and y, and half afraid the world might last until I found out all about

One of the earliest sorrows that me to the little girl was the death her brother at 10 months. A touchg picture of the procession through streets of Penrith is green, led by ys of 10 years of age, who bore the fin by means of white linen scarfs, ging a sweet, old hymn, and folwed by the mourners on foot. Soon er two other brothers die, one by ident. And then follows loss of ney, and Amelia goes out into the rld of work as a teacher, finally tling in Scotland, where she meets r future husband.

After a brief season of ease and ppiness, various causes make it necsary that this new, young husband, bert Barr, and Amelia make a fresh rt. And it is the wife who counsels ming to America.

From there on the story is an Amerin story. After three years, most of em in Chicago, where Mr. Barr beme inolved in politics of a bitter d personal type such as were too mmon in that day, and from which fled in danger of assassination afworsting his enemy in the face of e city, Mrs. Barr joined him in mphis with her children. One ung son had died in Chicago. Memis was in terror of yellow fever, n the terrific scourge of half of merica, and the little family was ced to leave hurriedly. The trip wn the Mississippi on a slave boat s a wonderful one contrasted with travel of today. Finally they ch Texas, settling in Austin.

This Texas life is most vividly told, m the homelike ways of the wo- to the picturesque freedom of men.

Then comes the civil war, with all harrowing accompaniments. There a glimpse of Houston "sitting in nt of Tong's grocery store, looking a lion, and wearing a Serape Salero like a royal mantle." Austin anges, for the "sweet, quiet, flowerented streets were no longer hauntd on moonlight nights by white-robd girls, and lovers singing 'Juanita' their tinkling guitars. They were ll of rangers and frontiersmen, of serting United States soldiers, and little squads of Indians."

Soon comes a move to Galveston. And then occurs the most terrible tragedy of a life that has had many things sad and grim to bear. Yellow fever desolates the city. The picture of the place is simply, unforgettably drawn. Amelia walks through the city of death with her husband on a necessary errand:

"A walk through hell could scarcely have been worse. The beds of the dying were drawn to the open windows, and there was hardly a dwelling wanting a dying bed. The faces of the sufferers were white and awful, their heads covered with crushed ice. They were raving, moaning, shrieking, or choking with the appalling vomito. A dreadful haze hung over the city and the sea, a haze that appeared to be filled with the very odors of despair and death. The smell of yellow fever came from the open doors. There is no odor to compare to it. The soul sickens and loathes and trembles in its presence."

Before the pestilence departed Mrs. Barr's two sons and her husband died under it. Her daughters had it and recovered, so did she. But while she lay helpless she heard her children shrieking in their death agony—saw her husband stagger from the room, never to return. The heart breaks to read it. And there, in her suffering, she prayed to live that her three remaining children might not be left alone.

She did live. A few months later her last child, a son, was born, to die five days later from the fever contracted before its birth.

But soon this dauntless woman again faced the facts of life and her duties. After some attempts to make a living in Galveston she decided to come to New York.

At 40, with three girls, the eldest 17, the youngest seven, without money or friends, the widow landed in New York and looked about for work. Teaching came first but proved hard work with slight return. Then, by chance, almost, Mrs. Barr returned to writing. At once she knew she had found her true field. And the succeeding pages tell of her new life, a life of constantly increasing success and peace, of work faithfully and joyfully performed. She began "with five dollars and 18 cents in her purse * * * and absolutely alone in the battle of life, but confident that God and Amelia Barr were a multitude."

She owns a beautiful home; her daughters, save the youngest, are happily married. The final chapters tell of crowded and busy years, of the well-known people who became Mrs. Barr's friends and acquaintances, of letters received, and of parties, play and work —always work.

Mrs. Barr concludes her life story with these words: "But neither my soul nor my heart is old. Time has laid his hand gently on me, just as a harper lays his open palm on his harp, to deaden the vibrations—that is all. The sunrise has never melted for me into the light of common day * * * I have lived and I have loved and I have worked, and at 82 I only ask that the love and the work continue while I live. * * * The rest is with God."

Famous Actress Has Another Son

ETHEL BARRYMORE.

A son was born to Ethel Barrymore, who in private life is Mrs. Russell G. Colt, Tuesday morning at the Colt summer home in Mamaroneck. The youngster weighed eight and a half pounds at birth. He will be named John Drew Colt, after his mother's uncle, John Drew.

John Drew Colt is the actress' third child. Samuel, the oldest, was born in December, 1909, while Ethel is a year and three months old.

The actress' latest appearance on the stage was in a playlet at the Palace theatre, New York, last May. She will remain at Mamaroneck until she is able to begin active preparation for "Tante," a play by Haddon Chambers, in which she will be seen this fall.

Our Correspondents

I take this means of answering the many kind letters to me from comrades and friends who so kindly have offered to send me the book I asked for, called Michigan in the War. I have received a copy of the book and I thank all for their kind offers to me. I received a great many offers through the good old Blade.—From a Grand Army Boy, Formerly Co. I., Sixth Mich., H. A. C. L. Dickinson, Winterset, Iowa.

A dear old lady of 92 years has broken her arm and is very cheerful, but a friend believes she would like a post card shower. Her name is Grandma Winslow, care Mrs. Harris Buck, Muskegon Heights, Michigan.

Will some one please send the poem Grandfather directly to me, as it is too long for publication?—Miss F. O. West, Route 1, Woodsfield, O.

Mrs. E. A. Cook has received a card or letter from every state in the union. She takes this way of thanking you for your loving remembrance and says she wishes she "could take each and every one by the hand."

The address of Mrs. V. C. H. is Mrs. V. C. Head, Werner, Ark.

I am a shut-in. I love to read good books and can do a little needlework. I always want to be at something, to shun the lonesome days. I try to look on the bright side of everything. I love to read the Blade, especially the Peace Page. My birthday is October 6; would love a post card shower. All who send any please sign their full name.—Rachel E. Gochenout, Buckhannon, W. Va., R. R. No. 2.

I am in search of some pieces, "Honesty the Best Policy" and "The Deacon's Hired Man," composed and published by N. B. Haswell about 32 years ago, near Eagleville, Harrison Co., Mo., in one of the Eagleville papers. Can any one supply these to Mrs. Emma Preston Burge, 1643 S. San Joaquin st., Stockton, Cal?

Your inquiry for the old man who owned the mill is an Easop's fable, I believe.—M. H.

BOYS AND GIRLS

OUR MOTTO:

All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

A Lover of Animals.

I heard some one asking for "Cutie," so here I am.

What have you boys and girls been doing for employment these fine summer days? Are any of you boys and girls in school now? I am not, yet, but expect to be soon and then—hurrah.

Where are you keeping yourself these days, Walter Dun? You, too, Trapper? I know I should like you because you are a tomboy, as I have the honor of being something of the sort myself. Why don't you write again, Edward L. from Va? Grace Hallman I think your riddle is a blackberry. Am I right, Grace? How many love dumb animals? I do for one, and think it's a sin to abuse them, as they have a feeling as well as humans. And they also know who treats them kindly and who does not. I think it is right to be kind to every living creature.

Why don't more western boys and girls write? I love your letters and would enjoy being a cowboy and riding your bouncing broncho ponies.

I enjoy reading all of the letters in The Blade, especially those from old soldiers, as my grandfather was in the civil war from 1861 until 1865. I should like cards for my birthday, November 25.—Cutie from W. Va.

A Squirrel Hunt.

My cousin comes in with his 22 rifle and I pick up my little 16 and the way we go, caring not for briers, rain or anything. After some time of failure we are about to give up when we hear some one holler. We answer and find it is a friend who has run a squirrel in a hole. We find a tree and shoot in it. My cousin starts to climb, when a squirrel runs out which we shoot, when another jumps from a tree. My cousin misses two or three shots and hands me the gun. I fire and the squirrel starts to run, but falls—Shields, N. C.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

We have an old-fashioned well, one that has two buckets that hang on ropes over a wheel, which is fastened to a wooden frame that is built up from the sides of the well. When you pull one bucket up the other goes down to be filled. The water is always fresh and cold and as I often drink from the bucket I think of the song, "The Old Oaken Bucket, the Iron-Bound Bucket, the Moss-Covered Bucket that Hung in the Well."

I am telling all this about the farm on which I live, so as to become acquainted with the Boys and Girls of The Blade and also a member of The Peace Page, which I enjoy reading so much. I would like to correspond with some boys and girls who will be 15 years old the 23rd of November.—Rosy of Wisconsin.

From a Grandmother.

I am the Grandmother in Pennsylvania who has a little granddaughter away out in Hedgesville, Montana, who lives in a log house and has four pets. I think her letter must have been mislaid as that was two years ago. I think she will have to write another letter and tell you about her new school and how she gets there. Her cousins were glad to see her letter.—From a Pennsylvania Grandmother.

We should like to hear from the little girl and her grandmother again —M. H.

A Tomboy.

I am a romping girl 13 years old but I am more of a boy than a girl. I live in a small town in Wisconsin Every summer I go to visit my cousin who lives on a farm. I wear overalls while I am on the farm. I drive horses, and ride them also. I milk three cows, take care of five horses, shock oats, build loads of hay and hunt eggs. I go and drive the cows home from the pasture. My cousin's farm is three miles from town. Every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday I take cream to town. I am not afraid of horses nor cows. I can cook, bake and do any other kind of housework. I go visiting our neighboors. They have an Indian pony that I ride. In the small town where I live is a mound which we girls climb every Sunday afternoon. I have no sisters nor brothers. I do not intend to be an old maid.—Wisconsin Tomboy.

Among the Wild Flowers.

I am interested in the letters from the cowboys and girls as I love to drive horses, but I have never ridden a horse very much. I did have a scrapbook of poems but when our house burned last spring it was destroyed.

I go to a country school and for punctuality this year I received a pin of award. I will be fourteen years old in a few weeks and will be in the eighth grade the following school year.

How many love flowers? I, for one, and we have some of the most beautiful wild flowers out here that I believe there is. Come out to my house and I will take you to a place in our woods where a spring bubbles out of the ground and there is cool water the year round.—Jim, from Portland, Mich.

Edith Myers to the Children.

I have written to this page before, but thought I would choose this corner this time for a chat with the boys and girls. Margaret Flinn, I have a cat I call Ted and when he was a kitten he was very fond of olives, but he dosen't care so much for them now. I have had a delightful summer and made three trips to other towns in a buggy. I spent ten days with a friend who lives on a farm near Vintindale and had lots of fun. I expect to go to other places before cold winter shuts me in. I love good old summer time, its flowers and birds. I love to watch the birds though I can not hear them. Two of the school boys gave me two turtles, but they got away and they gave me several toads, which I let go. I like to watch a toad, but will not touch one. Clara Hallman, your Bird Poem is one I used to read at school. I knew it all, but forgot all but one or two verses. It is in Osgood's Second Reader, that was the book I was in when I had to quit school. I knew that old reader almost by heart and I would like very much to get a copy of it if any one has a copy please write me about it. I do not think I shall ever lose my interest in school and education as long as I live and my greatest pleasure is to be with a lot of school children of all ages. I am a long ways past the school age, but never shall be too old to learn. I visited school twice this summer; had a pleasant visit, expect to visit the winter term before it gets cold weather. I hope all the Blade boys and girls will do their best while they are at school and learn all you can; the chances for good education were never better than now. Booker T. Washington says that "Education in itself is worthless; it is only as it is used that it is of value."—Edith Myers, Brush Valley, Pa., "Sunshine Castle."

SHORT AND SWEET.

Simon Marshall, Mecca, Va., has been confined to his room for a year, and he says "the time seems so long." He will have a birthday Oct. 24 and will you please send him cards or letters?

Russell Leach, Alderson, W. Va., is 17 years old, asks scenery cards, and will return them.

Lucy F. Johnston, Folsom, W. Va., would like cards for her thirteenth birthday.

Frances M. Ross, Sandusky, Mich., is eight years old and asks cards from boys and girls her age.

Elva Mayer, Rock Castle, W. Va., is six years old and a preacher's daughter. She would like cards from other boys and girls whose fathers are preachers.

I think there is nothing nicer than a nice little colt for a pet. I will come again and tell about the little colt I had and how it was trained.—Gypsy Girl, W. Va.

Mildred Gump, Losie, W. Va., asks cards.

Muriel Bailey, Fruitland, Wash., likes the letters and looks at them the first thing when The Blade comes. She rides a pony.

A Line a Day

The dear old Blade is just what it ought to be—full of helpful things and good cheer, and, if our hearts are in tune with God's law we shall find comfort in its truthful pages.—A. M. C., Mich.

If the request for these is not printed, I shall not be offended, but will keep right on sending some whenever I can.—Mrs. J. B. E., Pa.

The real Peace Page spirit.—M. H.

I have taken the paper a number of years and feel as if I could not do without it.—Mrs. S. E. S.

I am a reader of your columns. I love the tone of each letter, for it brings peace and love. It makes me think of First John, 4th chapter, verse, "Beloved, if God so loved us we ought also to love one another."—Mrs. A. C., N. Y.

I get many good thoughts from the Peace Page.—Mrs. E. H., Ind.

I am a friend to the Blade, and will be as long as the paper is printed.—M. B., Ohio.

The Blade is a weekly visitor in our home. We all think it is a fine paper.—N. S., Mich.

THE SHUT-IN

"My soul, thou art receiving a music lesson from thy Father. Thou art being educated for the choir invisible. There are parts of the symphony that none can take but thee. There are chords too minor for the angels. There may be heights in the symphony which are beyond the scale —heights which alone the angels can reach; but there are depths which belong to thee, and can only be touched by thee. Thy Father is training thee for the part the angels cannot sing; and the school is sorrow. I have heard men say that He sends thy sorrow to prove thee. Nay, He sends thy sorrow to educate thee, to train thee for the choir invisible. In the night He is preparing thy song; in the valley He is tuning thy voice; in the cloud He is deepening thy chords; in the storm He is enriching thy pathos; in the rain He is sweetening thy melody; in the cold He is molding thine expression; in the transition from hope to fear He is perfecting thy lights and shades. Despise not thy school of sorrow, O, my soul! It will give thee a unique part in the universal song."—Rev. Geo. Matheson, Blind Author-Preacher.

The Story of the Apron String

By Laura Richards.

There was once a little boy who had just learned to walk. He was not very steady upon his feet, so his mother tied her apron string around his waist, and said: "There, little man, when you stumble you can pull yourself up by that, and you will not fall." And the child did as she said, and all went well, and the mother sang as she went about her work.

Day by day the child grew taller, until his head came above the window sill, and often he stood there looking at the green grass, and the yellow flowers, and the trees with their waving branches, and the meadow beyond, and the river singing and shining in the sun, and, far in the distance, the purple mountains piled against the sky. When he saw them he said: "Mother, untie your apron string and let me go." But the mother said: "Not yet, little man. Only yesterday you stumbled and would have fallen but for this. Wait until you are stronger." And the child did as she said, and all went well, and the mother sang as she went about her work.

Day by day the child grew stronger and taller, and more and more he left playthings at the hearth and stood at the window. One morning in the springtime the door stood open, and as he stood at the threshold and looked out again, he saw the green grass, and the yellow flowers, and now the trees seemed to beckon with their branches, and he heard the voice of the river as it called, "Come, come, come," and he started so quickly that the apron string snapped, and he ran down the steps with the end dangling behind him. "Ho, ho," he said, "I never knew my mother's apron string was so weak."

The mother gathered her end of the broken apron string and hid it in her bosom; and she turned again to her work, but sang no longer. The boy ran on, under the trees, over the grass and the meadow, to the river's bank, and then on along the bank toward the purple mountains that were piled against the sky. Sometimes the path was smooth, and he would run. Sometimes it was steep and rocky, and he had to climb on hands and knees. Once it turned suddenly, and came out again upon the river's bank, just where it dashed over a great precipice. The way was full of mist, and the rocks were wet and slippery. He made a misstep, but just as he slipped over the brink of the abyss, something upon the point of rock and held him dangling over the precipice. He put up his hand to see what it was, and found it was the broken apron string still tied to his waist. "Ho, ho," he said; "I never knew how strong my mother's apron string was."

POEMS WANTED

Only a Dream of Heaven.
Wearing of the Green.
When Malinda Sings.
Fosti's Good-Bye.
Just Before the Battle, Mother.
The Psalms.
Holy City.
Kentucky Belle.
Tell Him to Smile Again.

Please send poem with these lines:

When I was but a little boy
I used to hear them tell
About the gallant soldier boys
How gallantly they fell.

LITTLE WORDS OF KINDNESS

A little word of kindness spoken,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then think it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak.
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break.

POETS' CORNER

FEBRUARY IN LONDON

By Katherine Tynan.

The gray streets of London are sweeter than the rose,
The gray streets of London when the west wind blows.
The wild wind, the fresh wind, brings home the spring again,
And I turn my face to meet her in the softest rain.

The tired folk and busy they put their cares away
With "Never mind tomorrow, since life is good today."
They are wondering what ails them, the west wind blows so sweet,
With a flash of green and silver in the saddest street.

There's dappled snow above us if the smoke would let us see,
In dingy squares and crescents there's a thrush upon the tree.
The rain like little fingers comes with a soft surprise
And is smoothing out the wrinkles 'round the weary eyes.

The rain and the west wind that set the flowers to start
They wash the grime from all the soul, the grief from the heart.
And who would you be meeting as you walk the murky town
But Spring that's like a daffodil in a golden gown?

The girls beside the pavements they carry golden store
Of wallflowers and hyacinths and violets galore.
The soft speech of Limerick I heard as I went by,
And the blue eyes of Ireland were like a glint of sky.

The west wind is blowing on people stepping light,
The wonder what is on them—they fel so queer and bright.
The softest rain is falling and while the west wind blows
The gray streets of London are sweeter than the rose.

—Delineator.

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

From the valley they say you are going,
I shall miss your blue eyes and bright smiles,
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has brightened my life for awhile.

Chorus.

Then consider awhile ere you leave me.
Do not hasten to bid me adieu;
And remember the Red River Valley
And the girl that has loved you so true.

Do you think of the valley you are leaving,
And how lonely and dread it will be?
Do you think of the heart you are breaking?
And the grief you are causing to me?

I have waited a long time my darling
For the words that you never would say,
But now my fond hopes have all vanished,
For they say you are going away.

MY CONSCIENCE

By James Whitcomb Riley.

Sometimes my Conscience says, says he,
"Don't you know me?"
And I, says I, skeered through and through,
"Of course I do.
You air a nice chap ever' way,
I'm here to say!
You make me cry—you make me pray,
And all them good things thataway—
That is, at night. Where do you stay
Durin' the day?"

And then my Conscience says' onc't more,
"You know me—shore?"
"Oh, yes," says I, a-trimblin' faint,
"You're jes' a saint!
Your ways is all so holy-right,
I love you better ever' night
You come around—tel' plum daylight,
When you air out o' sight!"

And then my Conscience sort o' grits
His teeth, and spits
On his two hands and gabbs, of course,
Some old remorse,
And beats me with the big butt-end
O' that thing—'tel my closest friend
'Ud hardly know me. "Now," says he,
"Be keerful as you'd ort to be
And allus think o' me!"

—The Century.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

(An Old Song)

This life is a difficult riddle,
As many people we see
With faces as long as a fiddle
That ought to be shining with glee.
There's all in this life a great plenty
Of good things enough for us all.
But then there's not one out of twenty
But thinks that their share is too small.

Chorus.

Oh, what is the use of repining,
For where there's a will there's a way;
Tomorrow the sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy today.

Did you ever hear tell of a spider
That tried up the hard wall to climb?
If not, just take her as a guider,
And then she wi serve you in time.
Nine times she faied to be mounting,
And every time she stuck fast;
Then she tried hard without counting,
And finaly succeedel at last.

Some grumble because they're not married,
And cannot procure a good wife.
While others they wish they had tarried,
And sigh for a bachelor's life.
To me it is very bewildering;
Some grumble, it must be in fun,
For some they have too many children,
And others because they have none.

Do you think that by sitting and sighing
You'll ever obtain all you want?
It's cowards alone that are crying
And foolishly saying "I can't."
It's only by plodding and striving,
And laboring up the steep hill
Of life that you'll ever be thriving,
And you'll gain if you've only the will.

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE

By Henry S. Washburn.

On a lone, barren isle, where the wild, roaring billow
Assails the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willow,
Like fond weeping mourners, leans over the grave.
The lightnings may flash and the loud thunders rattle,
He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all ~ain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh, shade of the mighty, where now are thy legions
That rush'd but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas! They have perished in far hilly regions,
And all save the fame of their triumphs is gone.
The trumpet may sound and the loud cannon rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
For like thine own eagle, that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
A name which before thee no mortal had won.
Tho' nations may combat, and war's thunders rattle,
No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep; thou hast fought thy last battle
No sound can awake thee to glory again.

LET'S FORGIVE IT!

Say! Let's forget it! Let's wipe off the slate!
Find something better to cherish than hate.
There's so much good in the world that we've had,
Let's strike a balance and cross off the bad.
Say! Let's forgive it, whatever it be;
Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free.
We shall be walking in sunshine ways
One of these days.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good Cheer.

ARENTS, ATTENTION!

Ere long the school bell will be ging, once more summoning the ildren to the busy school room. ch splendid advice for the teacher been printed in the Peace Page. ving formerly been a school teacher, y I speak a few words on the ool question to the parent? Father d mother, do you ever visit the ool where your child is being edu- ed and trained for life? You say attended the Washington birthday ercises and were present an hour exhibition day. All as it should be; t have you entered the school room etly on a regular day when regular rk was in progress? If you haven't e so, try it. See for yourself what r child is accomplishing. Your sence will show both child and indoctor that you are interested in welfare of the school. You do not lize how the child will strive to ase father or mother nor how amed he is to fail in a recitation your presence.

Don't go to criticize. Go to help. A rd or two of praise will encourage ny to double his efforts. Sometimes word of reproval may be necessary. you can administer it carefully at me in the evening you have quietly your boy on the right track and ed the teacher by so doing.

Mother, do your four or five chilen ever worry you or become troubleme at home? Undoubtedly they do. ough meaning no harm their restss little minds and bodies sometimes d to mischief. It is only natural d we love them even more than beey occasioned the anxiety. Think ough, what it means to have 40 or little restless bodies and minds to p employed, and be ever watchful their mental and moral welfare. To teacher who really cares it means ch.

Parents, I ask of you (not for my- , as I am not now teaching, but the good of the active teachers and American schools), that you do rything within your power to aid at school, that pupil and that cher.

There is so very much to be said the subject; but I do not wish to nopolize too much valuable space the Peace Page. This I will say, wever, but very confidentially: A rd of praise, if you feel that she is ng well her part, will even encour- the teacher.—A Nebraska Teacher.

VE OF FINERY

The question for the Peace Page is: hould women follow the fashions?" is my belief that some of the fash- s are not fit for anybody to follow. e tight skirts look very well on some men, but it makes the stout woman k larger and the slim women look e nothing.

When the short skirts and short eves came in style the excuse was at it required less cloth to make a ss, but there was not much econy, for it took two or three dollars rth of button shoes to make up for cents' worth of skirt, and two or three dollars' worth of gloves to make up for 10 cents' worth of sleeve. The slit skirt has no excuse, and no modest woman will wear one. Billy Burke says that legs and arms have no charm, and I think not now, when one sees so many. Of course there is always one class of men that will laugh at a woman if she is not dressed in style, and there is another class that will laugh at her that is dressed in style and especially when the styles are so ridiculous as some of them are now. It looks as if some of the Americans ought to have ingenuity enough to design our own dresses without following those fool fashions from Paris and I think our own factory made cloth is good enough for anybody. We should uphold our own industry.

Style nowaways is given too much attention, anyway. One can go in a home where there are several girls and never hear them talk anything else, only what is the style. Style ruins nearly as many homes as whisky, for there are so very many families that live beyond their means in order to keep up with style and when the last notch is reached the father and husband either kills himself or runs off and has to be taken to the asylum. It is not only stylish clothes they must have, but they must have everything else to correspond with the clothes.

I am afraid my letter won't sound peaceable enough for the Peace Page, but as I read the letters on this page I am glad to find that there are so very many nice housewives who don't put in all their time with the fashions.

Alaska Roughneck, where are you? I sent you some mail and it went to the dead letter office and came back a corpse.—Misa of W. Va.

TREES, PLANTS AND SHRUBS

I think as some of the other Blade readers do, the more trees the better. I like to live right in the woods. We do, almost; there are trees on all sides of us that my husband planted. Thirty-six years ago where our house stands now was a smooth meadow, not a tree to be seen only a few apple trees along the roadside. My husband was a lover of all nature as well as myself so the first thing to be done after our house was built was to set out trees, plants and shrubs. I have a collection of Indian arrow heads. One of them my husband found 35 years ago while plowing a garden. He picked up half of one at plowed across to the other side he found the other half. I glued it together and it made a perfect arrowhead. I always thought it queer how he happened to find it, but it is queerer still how the Indians could make them without tools. They must have had something harder than flint to cut them out with.

I would like to learn more about it. If any of the Blade readers know, I would be glad to hear from them. I also have a small collection of minerals, stones and shells.—Mrs. E. S. G., Arkport, N. Y.

Who Cares Now.

Philadelphia Star.

Fifty-cent beefsteak is predicted for next winter. But who cares? Everybody was weaned from beefsteak a long time ago.

EATING AN APPLE

New York Tribune.

"Do you know what you are eating?" said the doctor to the girl.

"An apple, of course."

"You are eating," said the doctor, "albumen, sugar, gum, malic acid, gallic acid, fiber water and phosphorus."

"I hope those things are good. They sound alarming."

"Nothing could be better. You ate, I observe, rather too much meat at dinner. The malic acid of apples neurtalizes the excess of chalky matter caused by too much meat and thereby helps to keep you young. Apples are good for your complexion. Their acids drive out the noxious matter which causes skin eruptions. They are good for your brain, which those same noxious matters, if retained, render sluggish. Moreover, the acids of the apple diminsih the acidity of the stomach that comes with some forms of indigestion. The phosphorus, of which apples contain a larger percentage than any other fruit or vegetable, renews the essential, nervous matter of the brain and spinal column. Oh, the ancients were not wrong when they esteemed the apple the food of the gods—the magic renewer of youth. I think I'll have an apple," concluded the doctor.

HOUSEHOLD

Can any of the readers of The Blade tell me what will remove lemonade stains from a dark blue silk foulard?—H. E. M.

Some time ago someone wanted to know what would take grease out of the floor. Now I have kept house over 50 years, and my cure-all is coal oil. Cover the spot with coal oil, and when oil evaporates the other grease will go with it. If it should be hot grease you may have to use the oil twice or more. Will some one please tell me where I can get Persian blue?—Mrs. H. L. K., Kans.

The Humor of It.

Philadelphia Ledger.

America's population is now rounding 100,000,000, of whom 99,999,999 want the income tax to fall on the other fellow.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

INDIAN ARROW HEADS

Last spring while working in the garden I found an Indian arrow head. The first one I ever found, although I have often looked for them. I have a small collection of arrow heads that were most all found in this neighborhood, 45 in all, 12 perfect ones, but the rest are broken, some have the points gone and some of them are broken in the middle.

We went 10 miles to a place called Oak Hill and got a big wagon load of trees, oak, ash, maple, hickory, hemlock, pine and sumach. It was a warm spell in January what we call a January thaw, when we set them out, and most all of them lived. Then we bought trees from the nursery. We have horse chestnut, honey locust, box elder, willow, balsam and poplar. These have been large trees for a long time. We have made syrup and sugar from the hard maples. It is a beautiful grove, the old oaks and chestnuts are towering to the sky; under some of the trees we set out myrtle; it makes such a beautiful carpet and when in bloom it is prettier still, with bright blue flowers among shiny green leaves. Then in front of the evergreen trees is a row of Japan quince, the bright scarlet flowers look beautiful in the spring with the evergreen trees for a background. I think it is fine to have trees near the house, for they make a good windbreak in winter and such a nice shade in summer. I notice when I have been away from home on a hot day how nice it seems to get back in the shade of the grove, so cool and so fragrant with flowers, roses and sweet williams that grow under the trees.—Mrs. E. S. G., N. Y.

GOOD WISHES

I find many cheerful words and useful information in the Peace Page. I sincerely hope that is will continue doing its good work. I agree with the Bachelor Girl from Pennsylvania on the hat pin question; also the slit skirts. What is this world coming to any way?

I live eight miles from a dry town. What a blessing the local option law is. Success to the Peace Page and its readers.—Just a Michigan Girl.

A SANE MAN'S VIEW

Should women follow the fashions? It is momentous qeustion and one worth much consideration. Personally, I admire the woman who aims at greater things in life than "clothes," who endeavors to attain a higher goal than "style," and who worships a more noble and worthy god than "Fashion."

A vast majority of the women of the present day make themselves slaves to "Fashion." They will dress in any hideous garment or in nothing at all, if fashion says so. The desire for clothes has lured more girls into immoral lives than any other cause. Not long ago a girl brought into court was asked, "Why did you do wrong?" She answered, "I wanted money." "What did you want money for?" "Clothes."

There it is; you have the answer. No decent woman will dress half naked, and no gentleman enjoys seeing them. Slit skirts are only worn by improper persons, and if they could hear a few remarks among the men, I think they would don something else. If I had a wife and she wore such clothes I'd divorce her.

Of course I am only a "mere man" and a "mere man's" opinion will no doubt be passed unnoticed, still when so many strive to please some particular "mere man" my views may be worth considering after all.

One of the greatest movements toward reform will be gained when women waken to the realization that there are more important factors in life than clothes and fashion. "Dirigo, where hast thou vanished?" Best wishes to all.—Raoul Coubert.

Here is a good letter from a former Merry-Go-Rounder. Let us hear from more of these members.—M. H.

Women Avoid Operations

When a woman suffering from some form of feminine disorder is told that an operation is necessary, it of course frightens her.

The very thought of the hospital operating table and the surgeon's knife strikes terror to her heart, and no wonder. It is quite true that some of these troubles may reach a stage where an operation is the only resource, but thousands of women have avoided the necessity of an operation by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This fact is attested by the grateful letters they write to us after their health has been restored.

These Two Women Prove Our Claim.

Cary, Maine.—"I feel it a duty I owe to all suffering women to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. One year ago I found myself a terrible sufferer. I had pains in both sides and such a soreness I could scarcely staighten up at times. My back ached, I had no appetite and was so nervous I could not sleep, then I would be so tired mornings that I could scarcely get around. It seemed almost impossible to move or do a bit of work and I thought I never would be any better until I submitted to an operation. I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and soon felt like a new woman. I had no pains, slept well, had good appetite and was fat and could do almost all my own work for a family of four. I shall always feel that I owe my good health to your medicine." —Mrs. Hayward Sowers, Cary, Me.

Charlotte, N. C.—"I was in bad health for two years, with pains in both sides and was very nervous. If I even lifted a chair it would cause a hemorrhage. I had a growth which the doctor said was a tumor and I never would get well unless I had an operation. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I gladly say that I am now enjoying fine health and am the mother of a nice baby girl. You can use this letter to help other suffering women."—Mrs. Rosa Sims, 16 Wyona St., Charlotte, N. C.

Now answer this question if you can. Why should a woman submit to a surgical operation without first giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial? You know that it has saved many others—why should it fail in your case?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No one sick with woman's ailments does justice to herself if she does not try this famous medicine made from roots and herbs, it has restored so many suffering women to health.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Free! Free!

Here are 7 vacant circles. Place the figure in each circle around the 35 so that when they are added together the total will be 35, using no figure more than once.

Solve this puzzle correctly and lay the foundation for your home in the most picturesque and beautiful section of Michigan. Every person sending in a correct solution of this puzzle before October 7th will be given **absolutely free**, a certificate entitling him to one summer resort lot size 30x80 feet, at Lake Breeze Grove, Michigan's Ideal Summer resort. Every lot is guaranteed to be high and dry and suitable to have summer cottage built on it. This unparalleled offer is made to advertise this beautiful Summer Resort. You do not have to build and there are no strings to this offer. Just solve the puzzle and we will mail certificate to you immediately! Send solution **now** (with full name and address) to

MICHIGAN CENTRAL REALTY CO.
3905 Second Ave., ALPENA, MICH.

Great Dam at Keokuk

J. F. Springer in Cassiers.

THE entire flow of the Mississippi may be passed through the hydro-electric powerhouse at Keokuk. Upon such occasion we should have a transformation into electric power of the fall of the river through a moderate verticle distance, about 32 feet. The success of this enterprise may be expected to mark the beginning of a great epoch. Everywhere throughout the United States are similar conditions; that is, a considerable body of water whose fall through a moderate vertical distance may be put under tribute. The utilizations of such conditions with a high degree of efficiency has become possible only in recent years through the perfecting of the reacting turbine.

The electric current once generated, the next thing is to effect its economical distribution to points where it can be sold. The combined populations of Keokuk and Hamilton amounts to only 17,000 or thereabouts, so that it is scarcely to be expected to find any nearby extensive market for current. But St. Louis, 144 miles away, has a population of about 725,000, and may therefore reasonably be expected to be a large consumer. In fact, 60,000-horse power has already been sold, under a 99-year contract to the St. Louis public utilities.

Ancestry of the Dog.

Naturalists and the world at large seem to generally accept the theory that the domestic dog is, in some sense, a collateral descendant of the wolf or jackal, says Harper's weekly. A professor in the Natural History Museum of Paris has communicated results of his study of various canine skulls to the Academy of Sciences.

He states that the skull of almost every species of wolf and jackal differs from the skull of the shepherd dog to an extent that makes it impossible that this dog should belong in the same classification. The skull of the Indian wolf, on the contrary, shows some points of resemblance. This, indeed, is the only savage canine, the top of whose head projects like that of our dog.

There are, moreover, other characteristics which the Indian wolf has in common with the dog, and which the ordinary wolf does not share with them, although his origin and that of the dog have long been supposed to be a common one.

The conclusion of this scientist is that the Indian wolf is the progenitor of the shepherd dog and the bloodhound. There were two primitive races of dogs analogous to these which were first domesticated in Central Asia, whence they passed to Europe, and there seems no reason to doubt that the bloodhound of today is the direct descendant of the dog spoken of by the ancients as "the dog of the age of bronze."

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

ANNA BARBAULD

Please give a brief biography of Anna Letitia Barbauld.—A. P., Pimento, Ind.

Anna Letitia Barbauld was the daughter of an English clergyman, the Rev. John Aiken. She was born at Kibworth, Leicetershire, June 20, 1743, and died March 9, 1825. She received from her father a classical education and early showed a disposition for poetry. Her earliest production was a small volume of miscellaneous poems, printed in 1772, which in the year following was succeeded by a collection of pieces in prose, published in conjunction with her brother. In 1774 she married the Rev. Rochemnot Barbauld. Her "Early Lessons and Hymns for Children," and various essays and poems have secured for her a permanent reputation.

SIDNEY LANIER

Kindly tell something of the life and works of Sidney Lanier.—E. L. L., Commantville, Pa.

Sidney Lanier, the American poet, was born at Macon, Georgia, in 1842; he served in the Confederate army during the Civil War and afterwards taught school and practiced law in Alabama and Georgia; removed to Baltimore, Maryland in 1873; was a lecturer on English literature at John Hopkins University from 1879 until his death in 1881. He was a practical musician and applied musical principles to poetry in his "Science of English Verse;" wrote the Cantata sung at the Centennial Exposition of 1876; published "The English Novel," and edited for boys Froissart's "Chronicle," the "King Arthur," the "Mabinogion," and Percy's "Reliques." A complete edition of his poems was published in 1884.

THOMAS MAYNE REID

A short sketch of the life of Thomas Mayne Reid would be appreciated by a reader of the Question Bureau.—D. H., Pimento, Ind.

Thomas Mayne Reid, the British author of tales of adventure, was born in Ireland, April 4, 1818, and died in England October 2, 1883. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister and was educated for the ministry, but love of adventure took him to this country, where he engaged in various callings, and traveled widely as hunter and trader. In 1843 he was a journalist in Philadelphia, but joined the United States army as a volunteer in 1846 and fought in the Mexican war, his experiences in which furnished him with materials utilized in several novels. He afterward went to London and became well known as a writer of thrilling stories many of them based on his American experiences. He returned to America in 1867 and founded the "Onward" magazine, which was unsuccessful, and in 1870 went back to England. Many of his tales were translated into French and German. They were all very readable and healthy in tone though extravagant in incident.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

I would like to have you tell me something about the Christian Endeavor.—N. C. R., Fairmont, W. Va.

The Christian Endeavor is a society strictly religious in all its features. It was organized February 2, 1881, in Williston church, Portland, Maine, by the Rev. Francis E. Clark. From one small association it has expanded into over 57,000 societies in all parts of the world with an aggregate membership of about 3,500,000. The first Christian Endeavor society in England was organized in 1887, and was followed by similar ones in other countries, and the constitution has been in over 30 different languages. The movement is not a denominational one. Any society belonging to an evangelical church, which adopts the leading principles as set forth in the constitution, including the prayer meeting pledge, and which guarantees these principles by the name Christian Endeavor, is admitted to all the privileges of the organization. In the United States the Presbyterian church has the largest number of societies; in England the Baptists lead, while in some parts of Canada and Australia the Methodists are in advance of all others.

ST. PETER'S AT ROME

Will you please give an account of St. Peter's Cathedral at Rome?—H. E., Minn.

St. Peter's ranks as the first of the many churches of Rome. It was founded by Constantine on the site of the Circus of Nero, where St. Peter suffered martyrdom, and is gorgeously decorated with gold mosaics and marble. Bramante, Raphael and Michelangelo were the chief architects. Many monuments line the pillars and fill the niches of this cathedral. The great dome is a marvel of architectural skill. The facade is 357 feet long and 144 feet high, and over the central entrance is the loggia, where the pope is crowned and whence he gives his Easter benediction. Over the main entrance of the vestibule is the celebrated mosaic of the Novicella. The enormous size of the statues and ornaments of the cathedral are deceptive as relates to the vast proportions of its interior, which is only realized by observing the moving figures of the visitors. Around the shrine under the dome 86 gold lamps are among the gems which enrich this noble temple. Its interior has the form of a Latin cross with chapels on the sides. Many princes of the church lie buried in its crypt.

THE VIRGINIA DEBT

I would like an account of the Virginia debt to be published.—V. L. M., Monterey, Va

Soon after Virginia re-entered the Union there was trouble with legislation respecting the state debt. By a bill passed in 1871 two-thirds of the debt of Virginia was funded into bonds, the coupons of said bonds to be held receivable in payment for taxes assessed. The remaining one-third was held to be the suitable share of West Virginia, though the latter refused to admit such obligations. In 1872 the Virginia state legislature repealed the tax coupon arrangement of the law, but the courts decided that the state was under obligation to receive the bonds, even should the treasury be bankrupt. At the time $17,000,000 in these bonds had been funded. Attempts toward a compromise were made and conflicts between state and federal courts were frequent. In 1891-92 a settlement was finally reached. The bondholders received for bonds and coupons amounting to $23,000,000 the sum of $19,000,000 in new century bonds.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Please give a description of the Giant's Causeway in the columns of your paper.—J. L. M., Alabama.

The Giant's Causeway is a series of columnar basaltic rocks in County Antrim, on the northeast coast of Ireland. For eight miles along the coast the land abuts on the sea in cliffs of basalt, many of them made up of rude vertical columns, and the appearance of these columns from the sea suggests a partial semblance to architectural forms. The name Giant's Causeway is often applied to all this coast range of cliffs, but it properly belongs to only a small part of it, which is a platform of basalt in closely arranged columns—from 15 to 36 feet high—which extends from a steep cliff down into the sea till it is lost below low-water mark. It is divided across its breadth into three portions, the Little, Middle and Grand Causeways, these being separated from each other by dikes of basalt. The columns are generally hexagonal prisms, but they are also found of five, seven, eight and nine sides, in almost every instance being fitted together with the utmost precision, and it is said that even water cannot penetrate between adjoining columns. The name causeway is given to the platform is its columns terminate at so nearly a uniform height that is presents an almost smooth area extending to the water, seeming to the primitive imagination a road that had been prepared for the convention of giants.

MISCELLANEOUS

H. C., Pittsfield, Ills.—A total eclipse of the sun occurred August 7, 1869.

An Honest Village

New York Sun.

BAVARIA, which is celebrated for its beer and its mountain scenery, as well as for its music, is now becoming celebrated throughout Germany on account of its model village, which, incidentally, is claimed as the most honest in all Europe.

In the last hundred years not a single case of theft has been recorded either in the village or in the immediate neighborhood. But, what is still more remarkable, it has done its best to conceal its record from the general public, and it is only by accident that the fact has become known.

Dezenacker, near Inglostadt, has been attempting for some time past to persuade the Bavarian authorities that it stands in no need of a night watchman. As it is an isolated village of only 150 inhabitants, it is impossible to give it the benefit of the rural police force, and—as in all such cases under Bavarian administration—it is compelled to satisfy the authorities with an amateur night watch. At present there are 20 young men on the roll for this service, and they take it in turns year in year out.

Latterly, however, some of the younger ones have found the duty rather irksome, and have been asking whether it is necessary. The village discussed the matter from house to house, and the decision was absolutely unanimous that the night watch was unneeded.

To one authority after another the villager addressed themselves in the hopes of obtaining a release from the onerous rule. They searched the records of the court, and found no mention of the village more recent than in the middle of the eighteenth century. This point has now been made the central figure in a petition that is to be addressed broadcast to the people of Bavaria.

Flying Game Veteran Will Go Abroad

New York, Sept. 12.—Glenn Curtiss, the aviator, is going abroad and may fly again. Curtiss gave up his adventures in the air some time ago and confined his aviation experiences to the manufacturing of his machines. Now comes the announcement that he is expected to exhibit in England, in all probability going up himself.

JAPAN WOMEN PEARL DIVERS

They Dive Deeper, Stay Longer, Fight Devilfish Harder Than Men.

Wide World Magazine.

Whereas in Australia and India pearl fishing is conducted by men, in Japan it is the women who dive for the precious pearl oysters. In the bay of Gokasho, in the province of Ise, as well as several other parts of the country where pearl fishing is carried on, women are employed almost exclusively in gathering the oysters which contain the pearls from the ocean bottom.

It seems that from time immemorial there has been a belief that women can work better and remain longer under water than men, and the women pearl divers of Ise are frequently mentioned in the classic literature of the country. Some of them can relate stories of stirring fights which they have had in the depth of the ocean with the octopus and other monsters of the deep while gathering pearl oysters or attending to the beds, and many of the older divers at the farm on Totokojuma Island will show you scars on their arms and legs as a result of these encounters. Indeed the profession is one that calls for special qualifications, and not every Japanese woman would make a successful pearl diver.

They are recruited from the towns and villages along the seashore, and before they adopt their strange vocation are well acquainted with the sea and know something about the art of diving. They commence work at the age of 13 or 14, and are in the water all the year round, except during the coldest season, from the end of December to the beginning of February. Even during this inclement weather, however, they sometimes dive for pearls. The women wear a special dress, consisting of white knickers, short skirt and vest, while the hair is twisted up on the head in a hard knot. The eyes are protected by glasses to prevent the entrance of water. Tubs or pails resembling butter barrels complete their diving outfit.

A boat, commanded by a man, is assigned to every five to 10 women, and carries them to and from the fishing grounds. When the divers reach the scene of their labors they land upon the rocks or islands and at once plunge into the water and begin their search for the oysters. These are dropped into the tubs, which are fastened by a rope to the women's waists. When the tubs are about half filled the women pull them toward the boat, help lift it in, and then return to shore.

WOMEN MAKE FINE SHOWING

Revelations of Recent Censusses as to Their Economis Status.

London Tid-Bits.

In England, Norway and France there are more women than men. In America, Australia, New Zealand and Canada there are more men than women. At the time of the last British census there were 18,624,884 women in the country and only 17,445,608 men, so that 1,179,276 women are hardly likely to get husbands—or rather, let us say, are hardly likely to be married, since the prevailing theory would have us believe that women marry from either a sense of duty or necessity, but never from inclination. The causes for the preponderance of one sex over the other are still very obscure. That new countries should attract men rather than women is natural enough, but why should the proportions vary so markedly between the different parts of old settled countries? For example in East Sussex it was found that there were 1,256 women to every 1,000 men. In Monmouthshire there were 908 women to 1,000 men. Another curious result of the English census shows the disparities in the criminal proclivities of men and women. The prisons contained only 139 women to every 1,000 men, while in the reformatories the proportion was 278 to 1,000, and in the workhouses 655 to 1,000. On the other hand, in the lunatic asylums there were 1,140 women to 1,000 men, while in the inebriate reformatories and retreats there were only 304 men out of 1,557 inmates.

To cool the air far underground and thereby permit the miners to work longer shifts the owners of a German coal mine compress air at the surface of the ground and pipe it through the workings.

LACK OF RAIN CAUSES GREAT DECREASE IN NATION'S CORN CROP

Washington, Sept. 10.—Hot weather and drought have played havoc with the nation's corn crop, causing a loss of 421,000,000 bushels between August 1 and September 1, according to the government's monthly grain report issued today. Since the first estimates of the prospects of corn this season were made there has been a decline in condition amounting to 666,000,000 bushels, and from the prospects indicated by the condition of the crop on September 1 the harvest will be 2,251,000,000 bushels.

An increase in the estimate of the spring wheat crop places that at 243,000,000 bushels, making the combined crop of winter and spring wheat of the country 754,000,000 bushels, the greatest wheat crop ever produced, exceeding the record crop of 1901 by 6,000,000 bushels.

The condition of white potatoes deteriorated to such an extent that the August estimates of that crop were reduced by 14,000,000 bushels, to 325,000,000 bushels.

The report follows

Corn—Condition 65.1 per cent of a normal, compared with 75 8 per cent August 1, 82.1 per cent on September 1 last year, and 80.9 per cent. the average condition on September 1 for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports, is 22 bushels, compared with 29.2 bushels harvested last year and 26.5 bushels the average yield 1908-12. On the planted area, 106,884,000 acres, it is estimated the final total production will be about 2,351,000,000 bushels, compared with 3,125,000,000 harvested last year and 2,531,000,000 bushels harvested in 1911.

Spring Wheat—Condition 75.3 per cent of a normal at time of harvest, compared with 74.1 per cent on August 1, 90.8 per cent at time of harvest last year, and 76.9 per cent the average condition at time of harvest for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports, is 13 bushels, compared with 17.2 bushels harvested last year and 13 3 bushels the average yield 1908-12. On the planted area, 18,663,000 acres, it is estimated the final total production will be about 243,000,000 bushels, compared with 330,000,000 bushels harvested last year and 191,000,000 bushels harvested in 1911.

Oats—Condition 74 per cent of a normal at time of harvest, compared with 73.7 per cent on August 1, 92.3 per cent at time of harvest last year and 79.3 per cent the average condition at time of harvest for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports, is 27.8 bushels, compared with 37.4 bushels harvested last year, and 29.7 bushels the average yield 1908-12. On the planted area, 38,341,000 acres, it is estimated the final total production will be about 1,066,000,000 bushels, compared with 1,418,000,000 bushels harvested last year, and 922,000,000 bushels harvested in 1911.

Barley—Condition, 73.4 per cent, of a normal at time of harvest, compared with 74.9 per cent, on August 1, 88.9 per cent at time of harvest last year, and 81.1 per cent the average condition at time of harvest for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports, is 23.2 bushels, compared with 29.7 bushels harvested last year and 24.5 bushels the average yield 1908-12. On the planted area 7,255,000 acres, it is estimated the final total production will be about 168,000,000 bushels, compared with 224,000,000 bushels harvested last year and 160,000,000 bushels harvested in 1911.

Buckwheat — Condition, 75.4 per cent of a normal on September 1, compared with 85.5 per cent on August 1, 91.6 per cent on September last year, and 87.0 per cent the average condition on September 1 for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports, is 18.2 bushels, compared with 22.9 bushels harvested last year and 21.0 bushels the average yield 1908-12. On the planted area, 841,000 acres, it is estimated the final total production will be about 15,000,000 bushels, compared with 19,000,000 bushels harvested last year and 18,000,000 bushels in 1911.

White Potatoes — Condition, 69.9 per cent of a normal on September 1, compared with 78.0 per cent on August 1, 87.2 per cent on September 1 last year and 79.4 per cent the average condition on September 1 for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports, is 88.1 bushels, compared with 113.4 bushels harvested last year and 96.1 bushels the average yield harvested 1908-12 On the planted area 3,685,00 acres, it is estimated the final total production will be about 325,000,000 bushels, compared with 421,000,000 bushels harvested last year and 293,000,000 bushels harvested in 1911.

Tobacco—Condition, 74.5 per cent of a normal compared with 78.3 per cent on August 1, 81.1 per cent on September 1 last year and 81.5 per cent the average condition on Sept. 1 for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports is 752.4 pounds, compared with 785.5 pounds harvested last year, and 822.3 pounds the average yield harvested 1908-12. On the planted area 1,144.500 acres, it is estimated the final total production will be about 861,000,000 pounds, compared with 963,000,000 pounds harvested last year, and 905,000,000 pounds harvested in 1911.

Flax—Condition, 74.9 per cent, of a normal on September 1, compared with 77.4 per cent, on August 1, 86.3 per cent, on September 1 last year and 80.9 per cent the average condition on September 1 for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports, is 8.4 bushels, compared with 9.8 bushels harvested last year, and 8.2 bushels, the average yield harvested 1908-12. On the planted area, 2,425,000 acres, it is estimated the total final production will be about 20,000,000 bushels, compared with 28,000,000 bushels harvested last year, and 19,000,000 harvested in 1911.

Rice—Condition, 88 per cent, of a normal on September 1, compared with 88.7 per cent, on August 1, 88.8 per cent, on September 1 last year and 89.2 per cent, the average on September 1 for the past 10 years. The indicated yield per acre, estimated from condition reports, is 32.8 bushels, compared with 34.7 bushels harvested last year, and 33.8 bushels, the average yield harvested 1908-12. On the planted area, 824,100 acres, it is estimated the final total production will be about 27,000,000 bushels, compared with 25,000,000 bushels harvested last year, and 23,000,000 bushels harvested in 1911.

Hay—A preliminary estimate of the total production of hay places it at 63,000,000 tons, compared with 73,000,000 tons harvested last year and 55,000,000 tons harvested in 1911. The quality of the hay crop is estimated at 91.7 per cent, compared with 92 1 per cent last year and 92.1 per cent the average for the past 10 years.

Apples—Condition 47.7 per cent of a normal on September 1, compared with 52.2 per cent on August 1, 67.9 per cent on September 1, last year, and 54.4 per cent the average condition on September 1 for the past 10 years.

National Rural Movement Planned

A nation-wide movement to interest the American rural population along financial, business and social lines, as a means to strengthen the position of the farmers, and to lower the cost of foodstuffs to the consumers, was announced recently in a letter to the governors of the states, to the farmers' organizations, agricultural institutions and farmers of America, from the American Commission on Agricultural Co-operation, which arrived from Europe on the steamship Cedric. A report is later to be made.

The commission found that European agriculture was organized and that the European farmers have apparently secured a strength equal to that of the organized urban classes of capital and labor.

The commission has effected an organization with headquarters in Washington, D. C.

Dr. C. J. Owens, of Maryland, director general of the American commission and managing director of the Southern Commercial Congress, has issued a letter including the following statements:

The commission is impressed with the vital importance of a thoroughly organized and united rural population. In this respect the countries of Europe offer a lesson which may not long be disregarded.

The agricultural interests of most of the European countries visited are organized along one or more of the following lines: Credit, production, distribution and social organization. Organization for credit are for short-time personal credit and long time land mortgage credit. The personal credit organizations have the form of co-operative societies. They furnish cheap, safe and elastic credit.

Land mortgage credit has been organized so as to place a collective security back of bonds issued by land mortgage societies. They bring low interest rates. The privilege of repaying loans in small fixed annual installments extending over a term of years; protection from advance in interest rates, and the practical elimination of commission charges. Experience has demonstrated that land mortgage bonds are liquid assets.

The organizations for production and distribution of farm products are co-operative. Farm products are sold by the producer at a relatively higher price and are bought by the consumer at a relatively lower price, because the cost of distribution is lowered.

The studies of the commission emphasize the necessity of defining the functions, on the one hand, of the government, and on the other of voluntary organizations.

The inquiries were conducted in Italy, Hungary, Austria, Germany, France, England, Ireland and Wales, while subcommittees were sent to Russia, Denmark, Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Egypt, Spain and Scotland.

The commission has selected two committees which will draft the final report. The members of the compilation committee are Dr. Kenyon L. Butterfield, Dr. John Lee Counter, Le Roy Hodges, Dr. Charles F. Bailey and Robert L. Munce, who is a Pennsylvanian. The members of the advisory committee are Dr. J. E. Stubbs, president of the University of Nevada; Dr. H. A. Morgan, dean of the school of agriculture, University of Tennessee; State Senator John Cunningham, of Ohio; Robert B. Van Cortlandt, of New York; William B. Hatch, of Michigan; Col. J. S. Williams, of Texas; Lieutenant Governor E. L. Daughtridge, of North Carolina.

MIGHTY MOUNT MAZAMA

The highest mountain in Oregon is Mount Hood, 11,225 feet above sea level. Compared with Mount Whitney, to the south in California, and Mount Rainier, to the north in Washington, each rising well above 14,000 feet, Mount Hood does not appear as a skyscraper.

However, according to the geologists of the United States geological survey and other authorities, Oregon had at one time, probably before the dawn of life upon the earth, a great volcano which towered as far above Mount Hood as does Mount Rainier, possibly even several thousand feet higher.

This was the great Mount Mazama. But thousands of years ago this mountain disappear into the bowls of the earth and all that is left today is the huge rim around Crater lake.

Crater lake is the caldera of this extinct and collapsed volcano and is nearly six miles in diameter. The inside walls of the rim of the ancient mountain are in places nearly 4,000 feet high and almost perpendicular. The lake itself is in places 2,000 feet deep and parts of the wall rise above its waters another 2,000 feet.

A restoration of the mountain in fancy, using as a basis the angles of the lower slopes, which still remain, shows that the apex could not have been far from 15,000 feet in height, so that Mount Mazama was one of the most lofty and majestic peaks in the United States.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, September 8.

SENATE—The senate met at 10 a. m, and resumed debate on the tariff bill; after a continuous session lasting until after midnight it was agreed to begin voting on the various amendments of the bill tomorrow, with a view to a vote on the bill when the amendments have been either adopted or rejected. The committee investigating the West Virginia mine strike heard Bishop P. J. Donahue, of Wheeling. The banking and currency committee had a short hearing and arranged for a resumption of the currency hearings Tuesday, September 16.

HOUSE—It was announced that the administration currency bill would be reported today. Consideration of the urgent deficiency appropriation bill was finished, and a vote will be taken on it today. An unsuccessful attempt was made to eliminate the provision calling for the abolition of the commerce court. Representative Summers introduced a bill creating a bureau of marketing in the department of agriculture, with a chief in charge at a salary of $10,000. Representative Britten introduced a bill prohibiting the killing and interstate shipment of beef cattle under two years of age.

Tuesday, September 9.

SENATE — Debate was finished on the tariff bill and the measure was passed by a vote of 44 to 37. It was agreed to insist on the senate amendments to the tariff bill and a conference with the house was requested. The special committee investigating the West Virginia mine strike continued its hearings. Nominations were considered in executive session.

HOUSE — The administration currency bill was reported from the banking and currency committee. Majority Leader Underwood served notice that he will keep the house in session both day and night, if necessary, to close debate by Saturday night. The urgent deficiency appropriation bill, carrying a provision for the abolition of the commerce court, was passed. James A. Emery, counsel for the National Association of Manufacturers, was again a witness before the lobby committee. Representative Clark, of Florida, introduced a bill to connect all government departmental buildings in Washington, including the capitol and White House, with a system of "large diameter underground pneumatic tubes."

Wednesday, September 10.

SENATE — Practically the entire day was spent in executive session considering the appointment of Thomas Fox to be postmaster at Sacramento, Cal. Progressives and Republicans made bitter speeches in opposition, but the appointment was confirmed. A long list of consular appointments was sent in by the President. The promotion of Joseph E. Willard, Minister to Spain, to be Ambassador was confirmed along with a number of other diplomatic appointments. The Democratic steering committee conferred with the President and agreed to proceed with currency legislation. Committee to investigate the West Virginia coal strike continued its hearing.

HOUSE — The administration currency bill was discussed, it was agreed to close general debate Saturday night and hold day and night sessions meanwhile. The district committee investigated the subject of municipal contracts for iron lampposts. The lobby committee heard testimony from Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. Representative Esch introduced a bill to authorize the Interstate Commerce Commission to compel the installation of automatic train stops.

Thursday, September 11.

SENATE—Senate passed House bill admitting free of duty all foreign materials and exhibits for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Failed to agree on any legislative program and adjourned until Monday. West Virginia mine probe committee continued its hearings. Foreign relations committee favorably reported nomination of Preston McGoodwin, of Oklahoma, to be Minister to Venezuela. Committee on privileges and elections considered appointment of Representative Clayton to be a senator, to succeed Senator Johnston, but reached no conclusion.

HOUSE — On motion of Majority Leader Underwood the tariff bill was sent to conference. General debate was continued throughout both the day and night session on the administration currency bill. Representative Anderson, of Minnesota, a Republican, resigned as a member of the ways and means committee. At the night session Representative Tredway, of Massachusetts, announced the death of his colleague, Representative William Henry Wilder. Resolutions of sympathy and respect were adopted.

Friday, September 12.

SENATE—Not in session; meets Monday.

HOUSE—Met at 11 a. m. Continued debate on currency bill. Representative Anderson introduced resolution for commission to investigate legislative practices in the house.

Saturday, September 13.

SENATE—Not in session; meets Monday. Conferees continued deliberations on tariff bill. Committee investigating West Virginia mine strike continued hearing testimony.

HOUSE—Currency bill debate continued under an agreement to close tonight.

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A Simple, Pleasant, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, flowers and seeds (containing no tobacco or habit forming drugs) is smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or cigarette. Simply draw the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhale into the lungs, and send it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way.

It is not unpleasant, is harmless and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy, antiseptic smoking remedy goes to the affected air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen where the usual treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches, or you are given to hawking or spitting, you should try this smoking remedy.

A free trial package, together with an illustrated booklet, which goes thoroughly into the whole question of catarrh will be sent you by Dr. J. H. Blosser, 254 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga. This trial will demonstrate to you that it is an exceptional remedy, and as it only costs $1.00 for a full size box, it is within the reach of everyone. Send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

Some Famous Cripples

TALLEYRAND, the notorious French statesman, friend of Napoleon and ambassador to the English court, was designed for a military career; but an accident when year old, rendered him a cripple for life. His cunning cleverness, political penetration, adroit intrigue and ingenious subterfuges were vehemently opposed by the Empress wife, Josephine, who energetically denounced him as a "cursed cripple."

Josiah Wedgwood, the famous potter and scientist, suffered from a disease of the right knee which necessitated the amputation of the limb. Referring to this infirmity Mr. Gladstone once declared: "It sent his mind inwards; it drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art. The result was that he arrived at a perception and grasp of them which might perhaps, have been envied by an Athenian potter." The early years of John Flaxman, who designed the choicest specimens of Wedgwood ware, were spent behind his father's shop counter, propped up by pillows and amusing himself by drawing and reading. It was long before he could walk, and he only learned to do so by hobbling along on crutches.

Alexander Pope, the poet, is said to have inherited nothing from his father save his physical deformity, and nothing from his mother except her violent headache. Little more than four feet in height, his bodily infirmities rendered his life one long disease, yet he labored incessantly and received 5,320 pounds for his translation of the "Iliad."

Mrs. Browning the distinguished poetess, was of a delicate constitution and never enjoyed robust health. Her sufferings were due to an accident which happened in her sixteenth year. She was one day trying to saddle her pony in a field when she fell with the saddle upon her, incurring an injury to her spine. The after effects were so serious that for years she had to recline on her back.

Both Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott were lame. Sir Walter's lameness was caused by a kick from a horse, when acting as quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Cavalry.

Sir William Thomson, who became Lord Kelvin, was a cripple, and so was Dr. James MacGregor, one of the greatest of Scottish preachers.

Opportunities of interest to you Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Stone Walls.

Along the country roadside, stone by stone,
Past waving grain field, and meadow broken stile,
The walls stretch onward, an unending pile,
With rankling vines and lichen overgrown;
So stand they sentinal. Unchanged alone,
They're left to watch the seasons passing slow;
The summer's sunlight or the winter snow,
The springtime's birdling, or the autumn's moan.
Who placed the stones now gray with many years?
And did the rough hands tire, the sore hearts ache,
The eyes grow dim with all the weight of tears
Or did the work seem light for some dear sake?
Those lives are over. All their hopes and fears
Are lost like shadows in the morning break.

—Julie Mathilde Lippman.

Tobacco Habit Easily Conquered

A well-known New Yorker of wide experience, has written a book telling how the tobacco or snuff habit may be easily and completely banished in three days with delightful benefit.

The health improves wonderfully after the nicotine poison is out of the system. Calmness, tranquil sleep, clear eyes, normal appetite, good digestion, manly vigor, strong memory and general gain in efficiency are among the many benefits reported. No more of that nervous feeling; no more need of pipe, cigar, cigarette or chewing tobacco to pacify the morbid desire. The author, Edw. J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., E 490, New York City, will send his book free on application, to anyone who writes to him.—Adv.

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Remedy sent by express on Free Trial. If satisfied send $1.00; if not, you owe nothing. W. H. Foreman, Elwood, Ind., says—"Used your Hay Fever medicine in 1908 and have never suffered since." Write today for the trial bottle, giving express office. W. K. STERLINE, 631 Main St., Sidney, O.

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Spear's Big Rocker Bargain

A large, roomy, comfortable, solid oak Rocker with high, wide back, fully tufted and buttoned. Seat is large and roomy, upholstered with high grade black Syivan leather over full steel springs and beautiful ruffed edge to match back. Construction is solid golden oak throughout, with high gloss golden finish.

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This magnificent heater is guaranteed to save fuel, hold fire, heat quickly. Well made, nickel trimmed, heavy fire pot, 12 in. in dia. Stove is 36 in. high, weighs about 50 lbs. Also smaller and larger sizes. Large feed door, screw type dampers.

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A remarkable new diner, with high plain panel back, luxurious back posts, neatly turned front posts and spindles. Finished quartered oak, bright gloss. Construction first-class. Seats heavily upholstered and covered with chase leather, one of the best imitations of genuine leather used. You may buy one or set of six.

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MAYOR GAYNOR DIES ON BOAT

ound for Europe When Quick Death Cuts Him Down.

New York, Sept. 11.—William J. aynor, mayor of New York, died of art failure on board the steamer tic, near the Irish coast, at 1 lock Wednesday afternoon.

News of his death was received here a message sent by wireless and le to Robert Adamson, his secre- y, by Rufus W. Gaynor, his son, o sailed with him.

The message read as follows:

Father died Wednesday at 1 o'clock, e to heart failure. Notify mother."

Mayor Gaynor sailed away from w York, a fast failing man, on the rning of September 4. An hour be- e he sailed but one man, his sec- ary, knew of his plans outside of mbers of his immediate family. e mayor's announced purpose was a f vacation on the ocean. He felt t the tonic effect of the salt air uld restore him in some measure health.

The Baltic was due at Queenstown ay. The mayor died as she was aring the other side.

The news of his death was sent by reless to Cuxhaven by Rufus W. ynor and relayed from Cuxhaven to w York by cable.

Mayor Gaynor left New York at a e when the city was seething in e of the strangest municipal politi- campaigns in its history. The day fore his departure he was notified the city hall steps by representa- es of independent political organi- tions that they had chosen him as ir standard bearer in the mayoralty mpaign.

A throng that crowded city hall park sembled to hear him accept.

Couldn't Deliver Speech.

He had prepared a speech of ac- tance but was so weak that he was able to deliver it and his secretary d it for him, the mayor standing side him. Before the mayor sailed s secretary issued a statement deny- g reports of the mayor's serious ill- ss.

The recent attack of the old throat uble, due to the wound inflicted n on August 9, 1910, by James J. llagher, just as he was about to ve this city for a brief vacation in rope, had entirely disappeared, ac- rding to Mr. Adamson, and the ayor expected to return and enter e campaign with his old time vigor. e mayor himself, just before leav- g, spoke of his condition as follows:

Needed Vacation.

"I have been nearly four years ayor, and have not yet had any cation. I suppose almost everybody ll concede that I may have one w. I have been laid up a few days th one of the sharp attacks I occa- nally have from my mishap of a w years ago, but I am now over it d hope I never shall have another."

He was expected to attack Tam- any hall sharply, politically, as soon he returned to the city. Before his parture he issued a characteristic tement, levelled at Tammany hall aders and other political opponents which he referred to them as "mis- able scamps," and asserted that they re seeking his "moral assassina- on."

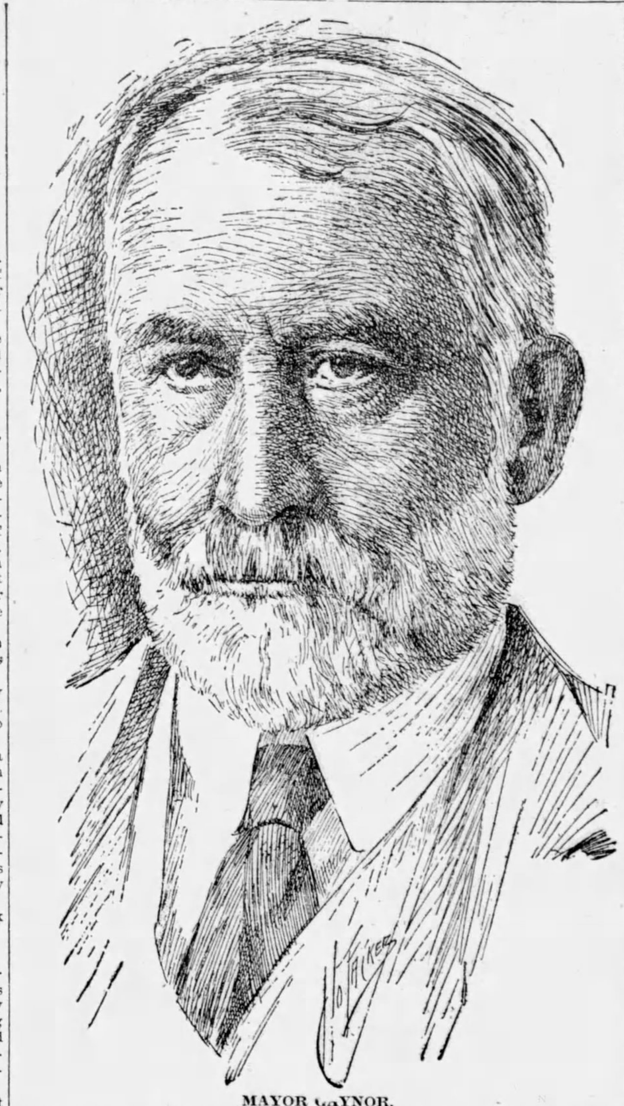
The bullet that lodged in his throat ree years ago had never been re- oved. It was the mayor's plan to main abroad less than a week. He pected to sail for New York from verpool on September 10 and to ach this city a week later.

Overturns Political Situation.

Mayor Gaynor's sudden death com- etely overturns the municipal politi- l situation. It removes from the ld a candidate who was expected to t heavily into the vote of the fusion minee, John Purroy Mitchel, and aves only the tickets nominated by e Democrats and fusionists. The for- r is headed by Edward E. McCall, rmer chairman of the public service mmission of this district.

The mayor's renomination was ought about by no particular faction party, but represented only his per- nal popularity. Politicians who dis- ssed his death today expected that s followers would make no attempt nominate a candidate in his place. other places on the Gaynor ticket ve yet been filled.

Mayor Gaynor was placed at the ad of the Independent ticket after mmany Hall had refused him a re- omination. He was to lead those who posed the regular Democratic organ- ation and yet were unwilling to join



MAYOR GAYNOR.

the fusion of Republicans and Progressives. His standard was the shovel, reminding voters of his efforts to hasten the building of new subways. The mayor also said it was emblematic of his intention to "clean the grafters out."

Recalls Henry George.

The passing of Mayor Gaynor recalled the sudden death of Henry George, of single 'tax fame, and a third party candidate, almost on the eve of the Nor York mayoralty election 16 years ago.

Secretary Adamson received the cablegram of the mayor's death while at his home in Brooklyn. Mr. Adamson notified Mrs. Gaynor at the mayor's country home at St. James and then endeavored to reach by telephone Ardolph Kline, the acting mayor, who will be New York's chief executive until the inauguration of Mayor Gaynor's successor to be elected in November. In this he was unsuccessful. Colonel Kline had left the home of his son-in-law after an early breakfast and at 10 o'clock had not heard of the mayor's death. At that time the flags on the city hall were half-masted by Mr. Adamson's orders.

Mayor Gaynor's death recalls the attempt on his life made by an assassin at Hoboken in August of 1910. On this occasion the mayor had decided to take a brief vacation abroad under much the same circumstances as those under which he left here a week ago. He was standing on the deck of the steamer Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, talking with friends and the center of a group of city officials at the time.

Assassin Draws Close.

Into this friendly gathering James J. Gallagher, the would-be assassin, made his way unobserved. When close to the mayor he drew a revolver and fired a shot. The bullet penetrated Mr. Gaynor's throat. He suffered from this serious injury for many weeks, but finally recovered to a sufficient degree to enable him to resume his duties and was apparently none the worse for his experience until recently when the wound began to trouble him again.

Gallagher had been dismissed from the dock department of the city of New York, under Mayor Gaynor, and had repeatedly endeavored to induce the mayor to reinstate him. For his crime he was sentenced to 12 years imprisonment. After little more than a year in prison he was transferred to the New Jersey state hospital for the insane at Trenton and died there last February.

The mayor used to speak of the irritation on his throat as a "fish hook." It was this "fish hook," probably, that caused his death.

Just before he received notification of his nomination by the popular demonstration at the city hall, the mayor had been in bed off and on for about a week at his summer home at St. James.

Mrs. Gaynor, with one of her unmarried daughters, is at St. James.

The other two unmarried daughters are at boarding school up the Hudson. The mayor's other son is at the mayor's Brooklyn home.

The mayor had two married daughters, Mrs. W Seward Webb and Mrs. Harry K. Vingut.

At 11 a. m., Greenwich time, the wireless said the Baltic was 250 miles west of Queenstown. She was due at Queenstown at 2 a. m., Friday.

Had Coughing Fits.

Lacking details of the manner of the mayor's death, his friends here believed that the heart attack spoken of in Rufus Gaynor's telegram was brought on by a return of the coughing fits that had recurred at intervals since he was shot.

Although the mayor had no presentiment that his trip would end fatally, he had at different times within the last year or two told his secretary that the violence of these attacks were a great strain on his heart, and he feared that at some time or other one of them might result seriously.

UNCLE SAM HAS ALLY

Dr. MacDonald Talks of U S. and Canada.

By M. R. Alexander.

Cedar Point, Sept. 11.—Canada and the United States, standing shoulder against shoulder for the civilization of America against a possible foe from across the Pacific was the most striking verbal picture presented last night at the great banquet of the Perry Centennial celebration, which did not come to a close until nearly 3 o'clock this morning. Dr. James A. MacDonald, of Toronto, speaking on "Canada and the United States," was next to the last speaker on the toast program in the Hotel Breakers, the banquet having started last night about 9 o'clock.

Dr. MacDonald related a conversation he had in the White House with Mr. Taft, the president, and Philander C. Knox, then secretary of state.

"It was just at a time when someone high in the councils of the nation had said something about the annexation of Canada," said Mr. MacDonald. "Then Mr. Knox, seconded by the President, advanced a new prophecy when he said: 'America does not want to annex Canada. She wants Canada to remain as she is. If there were no Canada, it would be to the advantage of the United States to create one. America needs Canada, for back of Canada stands the power of Britain, and that we may at some time need.'

"What Mr Knox and Mr. Taft meant was: That if ever the American standard of civilization is threatened by a power from the other side of the Pacific, then there will not be one nation alone barring the pathway which safeguards American civilization, but two. The United States is one. Canada is one, plus the power of Britain."

Former President Taft as the last speaker, expressed the belief that "in view of the progress made for universal peace since the Battle of Lake Erie, a century ago, it is not improbable that the dreams of the dreamer may come true at on early date, the establishment of an international court of arbitration with power to enforce its decisions."

Governors of various states, Gen. Nelson A. Miles and other distinguished guests also spoke.

KEEP EGG FROZEN; IT'S O. K.

U. S. Bureau of Chemists Approves This Method.

Washington, Sept. 11.—Frozen fresh eggs have the endorsement of the United States bureau of chemistry, which today placed its seal of approval on them as an article of wholesome food. After a long series of experiments the government chemists found that eggs may be broken, canned and then frozen without losing their flavor or deteriorating in any way. In thus preserving them against the day of scarcity, however, the chemists lay down two inviolate rules:

"Beware bad eggs!"

"Keep 'em frozen!"

These rules observed, the experts declare there is no reason why frozen eggs should not become popular, especially with bakers and other extensive users of the product. The chemists dislike to dwell upon what might happen to a can of eggs that had become "unfrozen," however. They declined today to discuss the subject.

Put High Cost Up to the Farm

Washington, Sept. 11.—Back to the farm the department of agriculture has traced some of the responsibility for the present high cost of living. In a report issued today the department sets forth that the prices paid the farmers for their products were more, with few exceptions, on September 1 than they received last year at that time.

Among the more important articles of food which showed slight increases were: Potatoes, 10.3 cents a bushel; butter 1.7 cents a pound; chickens, 1.1 cents a pound and eggs .04 a dozen. Oats increased 4.3 cents a bushel, barley, 1.7 cents and cotton .05 cent a pound. The price of corn decreased 2.2 cents a bushel; wheat, 8.7 cents; flax, 34.8 cents; rye, 7.8 cents; buckwheat, 6.6 cents and hay 25 cents a ton.

The farmer also received more for the meats he produced, except lambs, on August first this year than he did at the same time last year. Hogs increased 68 cents a hundred pounds; beeves, 53 cents; veals 91 cents and sheep six cents. The price of lambs decreased 10 cents a hundred weight. Horses increased only one dollar a head, while milch cows increased $8.70 each.

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To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 134 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y. and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

PANAMA HILL IS AN ASH HEAP

Chiriqui Peak Was Formed by Volcanic Eruptions Centuries Ago.

New York, Sept. 12.—Dr. D. F. McDonald, the geologist of the Panama Canal Commission, has just completed a tour of Western Panama, and in the last issue of The Canal Record, the official bulletin of the commission, which reached New York recently, Dr. McDonald tells some of the results of his trip. The trip lasted two months, and was made under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, the Panama Canal Commission, and the United States Geological Survey.

"The full results," Dr. McDonald says in The Canal Record, "of the journey, which lasted about two months, will be published later by the Smithsonian Institution. In this issue the so-called Chiriqui volcano will be briefly treated.

"Perhaps the most interesting new thing discovered about the extinct volcano was the evidence that indicated about the number of centuries that have elapsed since the last volcanic outburst. It will be remembered that about a year ago the newspapers told how an eruption of Chiriqui volcano had flung death and destruction far over Western Panama. This proved to be a newspaper story for the last explosive outburst of the mountain did not occur in 1912, but many hundred centuries earlier.

"The majestic Chiriqui peak stands as a king among mountains. Towering over 11,000 feet above sea level, it overlooks all the other rugged crests of Western Panama. From its summit, on a clear day, one can see the wide coastal plain of David meeting the lowlying shore of the Pacific, 40 miles away. Streams, like loose-lying silvery threads flung oceanward, tie the mountains to the sea, and on their banks here and there are distant specks of little native villages. Scattered grazing herds dot the nearer plains, and a tiny dust cloud, barely visible in the blue haze of the distant valley, tells of a train of bull carts toiling from David out to the coffee plantations, near the foot of the mountain.

"Turning then to the northward, one may behold lessening waves of mountains dimming in the distance, where they meet the wide embayments of the Caribbean shore. In the bays and beyond the headlands dark island spots are scattered along the landward margin of the sunlit sea. These remnants of a submerged mountain group stand like a struggling rearguard protecting the main shore line against the foam-crested trade wind waves.

"Gazing out over this pleasing picture, one's aesthetic sense may be slightly shocked when he realizes that he is only on the top of an ash heap, for this mighty peak was built up by emanations of volcanic ash and debris, blown out during long centuries from a crater, or group of craters. The last explosion, or series of explosions, was more violent than the rest, for it blew the top off the mountain, and scattered the debris far and wide, burying the surrounding country under some hundreds of feet of volcanic ash and ejectamenta. Later, streams formed on the new surface, and these slowly entrenched themselves in the new volcanic formation. The Caldera River thus excavated for itself a canon that is 350 feet deep and about half a mile wide—a vaster trench by far than Culebra Cut, and all done by a river, without drill, powder, or steam-shovel. In the flat, wide bottom of this canon, close to the bank of the stream, are some old Indian graves, and near by are some carved stones, or 'piedras pintadas.'

"From the weathering of these, and from the pottery and other objects, remnants of an ancient Indian culture, buried in them, it is known that they are at least 1,000 years old, and probably considerably more. Since these graves were made, the Caldera River has not cut its channel more than 10 feet deeper over about one-tenth of the total width of its valley bottom. This is equivalent to a deepening of the whole width of the valley one foot.

"From these data it is seen that the minimum rate of excavation of the Caldera valley, under, approximately, present conditions, would be one foot per thousand years. At this rate the present valley, which is 350 feet deep, would require 350,000 years for excavation. However, during the first few centuries excavation of it went on much more rapidly than now. This is due to the fact that in falling through the atmosphere the coarser rocks of the volcanic debris dropped faster, and are more concentrated in the lower part, while the upper parts of this formation are chiefly of fine ash. Hence the work of washing out Caldera valley to its present form was not fraught with much difficulty while the river was cutting through this fine top material. Later, the river channel became somewhat choked by the boulders that accumulated in it as the canon was cut deeper and the work of erosion was thus much retarded.

"It is also known that volcanic explosions are generally followed by great downpours of rain. Such floods must be considered in the time estimated, for they would greatly hasten the early work of erosion. In order to allow for the more rapid digging out of this canon by the stream, in the early stages of its history, there might be deducted 33⅓ per cent. from the above mentioned estimate of time. In estimating conservatively, the minimum time since the last eruption, 50 per cent. may be deducted from the first estimate of 350,000 years, leaving a period of 175,000 years as the least time since this kingly mountain fell away from the pyrotechnic grandeur of its former estate, and became a dead—a good—volcano."

PAYS $30,000 FOR BEAUTY

Astor's Widow Installs Luxurious Room Adjoining Bed Chamber.

New York, Sept. 11.—Mrs. Madeline Force Astor, widow of John Jacob Astor, will remain beautiful if a $30,000 beauty parlor can effect that end. She has installed an electric beauty room on the second floor of her Fifth avenue home, adjoining her bed room.

The room, 9 by 15, is the quintessence of luxury. The white tiled oor is concealed by an oriental rug, while paintings, plate mirrors outlined in gold, and concealed lights are in the room. Gold and pearl are used wherever possible.

A modified barber chair is in the center for use during the hair dressing, massage and other operations of the beauty doctor.

MAGAZINE FOR FARMER

U. S. Government Going Into Publishing Business.

Washington, Sept. 11.—The United States government is going into the magazine publishing business for the benefit of the farmers. This is the announcement made today by the department of agriculture, which adds that the first issue of the magazine will be out this month and that other issues will follow regularly at monthly intervals. The publication will be devoted principally to a detailed review of crop conditions nationally and by states.

"This information will be prepared in a purely popular way," Assistant Secretary Galloway declared, "with a view to enabling the farmer to determine at a glance just what plant-crop and animal crop conditions are prevailing in his own state as compared with other individual states and the country at large and important foreign producing area."

It is the department's purpose to make the periodical, which will bear the title of "The Agricultural Outlook," a magazine of from 18 to 20 pages. It will deal not alone with the production and condition of crops, but will instruct the farmer as to marketing his wares.

AUSTRIANS FEAR NEW BALKAN WAR

Emperor Francis Joseph Demands Revision of Peace Pact.

Vienna, Sept. 12.—The Balkan situation engrosses public attention to the exclusion of everything else. The new order of things, as brought about by the Bucharest treaty, is considered by Austro-Hungarians impossible of toleration. One of the chiefs in the foreign office, Prince Colloredo, said today:

"There are several weighty reasons why Austria-Hungary will not tolerate the frontiers created at Bucharest. One of them is that they would give rise to ceaseless fighting. Europe cannot blame us for wishing to take steps which will insure permanent quiet along our own borders. The new frontiers as determined at the Roumanian capital divide Macedonia in such a way as to turn over its Bulgarian inhabitants, 1,000,000 of them, to Servia and Greece, this after Bulgaria has striven for 30 years to liberate this same 1,000,000 from the Turkish yoke.

"Again, Servia under the new treaty is enlarged at Bulgaria's expense.

Bulgars Talk New War.

"Is it to be believed that such a state of affairs will last? The Bulgarian press even now talks of another war just as soon as that country has recuperated.

"France favored Kavala being given to Greece, on the avowed reason of creating another powerful naval ally for the Triple Entente and thus maintaining the naval equilibrium in the Mediterranean. Whereas, the fact is that France alone has larger naval forces than Austria-Hungary and Italy combined. The respective naval strength of Dreibund and Triple Entente is at present 68 to 100.

"Well, as to the Balkan, Austrian-Hungary is assured of the co-operation of Russia in efforts to have this iniquitous treaty of Bucharest revised, and of the hearty sympathy of England and Italy. It probably will involve a deal of vexation and much patience to bring this about, but it is our view that this will be much better than another bloody war."

Several important conferences were held this week by the emperor with his heir, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and the foreign secretary, Count Berchtold, regarding the Balkan condition and new Albania. Turkey's disinclination to budge from Adrianople also was discussed.

The emperor has fully made up his mind to aid in ousting the Turks from Adrianople if that should become necessary. One point troubled him as to Austria-Hungary's desire for revising the Bucharest treaty, namely, the question of authority. Count Berchtold, however, set his doubts at rest. He told the monarch the principle of revision of the Bucharest treaty had been adopted some time ago on the proposal of Sir Edward Grey by all the powers represented at the London ambassadorial conference, and that some of these powers let the Balkan nations even know about this, as a sort of warning in advance.

Reasons for Austria's Stand.

One of the reasosn adduced by the diplomacy of this country for considering a revision is that under the peace terms Bulgaria is allotted only a trifling share of the great booty and is deprived of nearly all the towns. These go to Servia, Greece and even little Montenegro.

Again, it is contended that Servia and Montenegro are getting populations so foreign and strange and in such numbers that their inability to digest and assimilate them is a foregone conclusion. Montenegro, with a population of 230 at the outbreak of the war, is getting 150,000 Mohammedan Albanese and Servians. Servia obtains from Maccedonia 1,400,000 people, Albanians, Turks, Mohammedans Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks and Wallachians.

Austro-Hungary relies in its communications with other powers for its rights and desire to insist on a revision of the Bucharest treaty not alone on the fact of being the neighbor and the most closely interested party on the Balkan, but on the historic right growing out of its being one of the signatory powers to the Berlin treaty of 1878. By that treaty the frontiers in the Balkan were first fixed and a new settling of them, a new shifting, is, according to the view of the dual monarchy, subject to the approval and consent of the signers of the older treaty.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

CHINA AGREES TO JAP NOTE

Accepts Demands Relative to Killing of Japanese.

Peking, Sept. 13.—Japan's demands, presented to China two days ago in connection with the killing of Japanese ssubject and the trampling of the Japanese flag by Chinese, were accepted in their entirety today by the Peking government.

THE MARKETS

Toledo, Sept. 15.—Wheat was fractionally weaker here today on lower cables and a lessening of the demand from milling interests. The weakness in Chicago was reflected here at the start, but the market firmed somewhat later, especially in the deferred months. Cables were ⅜ @ ½d lower. Cash and September wheat opened off ¾c each to 94¾c. December was off ⅝c to 97¾c. May was off ⅜c to $1.03, but later regained ⅛c. Stocks of wheat here showed a decrease of 9,276 bushels over the preceding week.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Sept. 15.	Close Sept. 13.
Wheat—					
Cash	94¾	....	....	94½	95
Sept.	94½	94¾	94½	94½	95
Dec.	97¾	98	97¾	97⅝	98½
May	1.03	1.03¼	1.03	1.03¼	1.03⅝
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	76¼	76½
Sept.	76¾	76¾	75¾	76¼	76½
Dec.	72⅝	....	....	72⅝	72⅝
May	74½	74½	74⅛	74⅛	74⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	44½	45
Sept.	44½	44½	44⅛	44⅛	44½
Dec.	46¼	....	....	46¼	46½
May	40	40¼	40	40⅛	40⅜
Clover Seed—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.00	7.00
Oct.	6.85	....	....	6.85	6.75
Dec.	6.95	....	....	6.90	6.80
March	7.15	....	....	7.10	7.00
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	68½	69
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	11.00	11.00
Oct.	10.75	....	....	10.50	10.50
Dec.	10.15	....	....	10.20	10.20
March	10.15	....	....	10.20	10.20
Timothy—					
Old	....	....	....	2.47½	2.50
New	....	....	....	2.50	2.55
Sept.	2.50	....	....	2.50	2.55
Oct.	2.50	....	....	2.50	2.55
Dec.	2.50	....	....	2.55	2.60
Feb.	2.60	....	....	2.57½	2.65
March	2.62½	....	....	2.60	2.67½

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	88	88½	87⅞	88¼	88¼
Dec.	90¾	91⅛	90⅛	90⅝	90⅞
May	95⅞	95⅞	95⅝	95½	95⅝
Corn—					
Sept.	73⅞	74⅛	73⅝	73½	73⅞
Dec.	71⅛	71⅞	71⅛	71¼	71⅝
May	72⅞	73¼	72⅝	72½	73
Oats—					
Sept.	41¾	41⅞	41⅝	41¾	41⅝
Dec.	44	44⅛	43⅞	44	44
May	47	47	46⅝	46¾	47

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	19.80	19.80	19.65	19.65	19.75
May	19.92	19.92	19.82	19.82	19.90
Lard—					
Sept.	11.10	11.10	11.05	11.05	11.07
Jan.	10.80	10.87	10.80	10.82	10.80
May	11.00	11.02	10.97	10.97	11.00
Ribs—					
Sept.	10.92	10.95	10.90	10.95	10.82
Dec.	10.40	10.42	10.37	10.37	10.40
May	10.55	10.60	10.50	10.52	10.60

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	96¼	96¼
Dec.	....	....	....	98⅝	98⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	89¼	89¼
Dec.	....	....	....	92½	92⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	85¾	85¾
Dec	....	....	....	88	88

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	87¼	87¼
Dec	....	....	88	88¼	88¼

New York Produce.

New York, Sept. 15.—Flour, steady; spring patents, $4.60@4.70; winter straights, $4.10@4.20; winter patents, $4.40@4.60; spring clears, $4.00@4.25. Wheat futures lower on big world's shipments and lower Liverpool cables. Dec. 98¼@98¾c. Pork, steady; mess, $23.50@24.00; family, $24.50@26.50; short clears, $20@22.50; beef, quiet, family, $19.00@20.00. Lard, easy; middle west, $11.20@11.30; raw sugar, steady; Muscovado, 3.26c; centrifugal, 3.76c; molasses, $3.01; refined, steady; crushed, 5.50c; fine granulated, 4.80c; powdered, 4.90c. Petroleum, steady. Refined New York bulk, $5.00; barrels, $8.70; cases, $11.00. Molasses, steady; New Orleans open kettle, 35@55c. Hay, steady; standard, $1.00; No. 1, $1.05; No. 2, $2.95; No. 3, 85c. Hides, firm; bogota, 31¼@32¼c; Central America, 30¼@31c; leather, firm; hemlock first, 29@30c; seconds, 28@29c.

Butter, firm; receipts, 6,744 tubs; creamery extras, 31½@32c; firsts, 28@30½c; seconds, 26@27½c; thirds, 24½@25c; creamery, held, extras, 31@32c; firsts, 28@30c; state dairy, finest, 30@30½c; good to prime, 27@29c; common to fair, 24@25c; process extras, 27@27½c; firsts, 25¼@26½c; seconds, 23½@24c; imitation creamery, firsts, 25@26c; factory, June make, firsts, 24½c; factory, current make, firsts, 24c; seconds, 23½c; packing stock, June make, No. 1, 23½@24c; current make, No. 2, 22½@23c; No. 3, 20@22c. Cheese, firm; receipts, 1,637 boxes; state, whole milk, fresh, white and colored, specials, 16@16½c; white and colored, average fancy, 15¾c; fresh, undergrades, 12½@15½c; state, whole milk, daisies, best, 16¾c; skims, 1½@13½c. Eggs, strong; receipts, 11,500 cases; fresh gathered extras, 31@33c; extra firsts, 29@30c; firsts, 26@28c; seconds, 24@25c; thirds and poorer, 17@23c; fresh gathered, dirties No. 1, 21c; No. 2 and poorer, 16@20c; fresh gathered, checks, good to choice, dry, 19c; fresh gathered, checks, undergrades, $3.00@5.40; refrigerator, specials, marks, fancy, charges paid, 20½c; refrigerator firsts, 25@26c; seconds, 23¼@24½c; lower grades, 18@23c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, 38@43c; gathered whites, 30@40c; western gathered, whites, 26@34c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 30@35c; gathered browns and mixed colors, 25@33c. Dressed poultry, steady; fresh killed western chickens, 17@22½c; fowls, 14½@19c; turkeys, 18@20c.

Cotton.

New York, Sept. 15.—Cotton futures opened firm: September, 13.04c bid; October, 13.10c; December, 13.08c; January, 13.00c; March, 13.12c; May, 13.18c; July, 13.20c.

Reports that heavy rains and high winds were hurting open cotton in the southwest and parts of the eastern belt strengthened bullish confidence this morning. Prices opened firm at 6 to 15 points net higher during the first few minutes. This reflected covering by last week's sellers, as well as bull support and trade buying, but there was a good deal of realizing at the advance, and the market soon became irregular with prices 6 or 7 points off from the best.

Offerings were readily taken on the set-back of 6 or 7 points from the early high level, and the market firmed up again with prices selling 15 to 16 points net higher late in the forenoon, on continued damage reports from the southwest and further covering. Estimated receipts, 38,000 bales.

The market was quiet during the early afternoon, but held steady and about 9 to 12 points higher. Spot cotton steady; middling upland, 13.25c; middling gulf, 13.50c. No sales.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Sept. 15.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,100; market higher; heavy steers, $8.50@8.85; fat steers, $6.50@6.75; heifers, $7.25@7.60; fat cows, $7.00@7.50; fair cows, $3.00@5.00; butchers' bulls, $7.25@8.00; milch cows, $50@85. Hogs—Receipts, 9,500; market steady; prime heavies, $8.85; heavy mixed, $9.10@9.15; mediums and heavy yorkers, $9.20@9.25; light yorkers, $9.00@9.10; pigs, $8.00@8.50; roughs, $7.25@7.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 9,500; market steady; prime wethers, $5.00; choice lambs, $7.75. Calves—Receipts, 1,000; market steady; top, $12.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 15.—Cattle—Receipts, 400; good grades, 15c higher, other steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 300; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,500; lambs, 15c higher; sheep, steady; choice spring lambs, $7.35@7.50. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000; market steady; heavies, $8.40; mediums, Yorkers and light Yorkers, $9; pigs, $8; roughs, $7.50; stags, $7.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 15.—Hogs receipts, 31,000; slow; 5c above Saturday's average; bulk of sales, $7.90@8.40; light, $8.25@8.95; mixed, $7.65@8.90; heavy, $7.50@8.55; rough, $7.50@7.75; pigs, $4.50@8.60. Cattle receipts, 16,000; strong generally 10c higher; beeves, $6.60@9.30; Texas steers, $6.75@8.90; western steers, $6.10@8.00; stockers and feeders, $5.50@8.00; cows and heifers, $3.65@8.60; calves, $8.75@11.50. Sheep receipts, 53,000; steady to 10c lower; native, $3.40@4.65; western, $3.60@4.60; yearlings, $4.75@5.60; lambs, native, $5.25@7.50; western, $5.75@7.60.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Sept. 15.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,700; prime steers, $8.85@9.10; shipping, $8.25@8.75; butchers, $7.00@8.60; cows, $3.50@7.25; bulls, $5.25@7.25; heifers, $6.60@8.10; stock heifers, $5.25@5.65; stockers and feeders, $6.90@7.50; fresh cows and springers, $35.00@90.00. Veals—Receipts, 300; market, $6.00@12.50. Hogs—Receipts 16,00; heavy, $8.75@9.10; mixed, $9.10@9.20; Yorkers, $8.75@9.20; pigs, $8.25@8.50; roughs, $7.60@7.75; stags, $6.50@7.25; dairies, $8.75@9.15. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 18,600; lambs, $5.50@7.60; yearlings, $4.50@6.00; wethers, $5.25@5.50; ewes, $2.50@4.75; sheep, mixed, $4.75@5.25

Some Beans.

"Beans—what do you know about beans, even in New England?" writes an American from Manchuria. "Come to Dairen and see the bean mills which turn out 63,000,000 pounds of bean oil in a year, and over 10,000,000 bean cakes, weighing about 65 pounds each. Some beans! The bean cake, from which the oil has been extracted, goes for the most part to Japan, which country received last year about nine-tenths of the product. Japan also took over 100,000 tons of beans in natural form. Some beans!"

BONES OF HEROES IN PERRY CRYPT

Removal at Put-in Bay Marks Close of Perry's Victory Celebration.

Put-in Bay, Sept. 11.—With solemn religious services, participated in by representatives of the United States and the British empire, and with impressive military exercises, the remains of the six American and British officers killed in the battle of Lake Erie, 100 years ago yesterday, were today disinterred from the burial plot on the shore of Put-in Bay island, where they have reposed for a century, and re-interred in the crypt of the Perry memorial.

This ceremony marked the conclusion of the centennial celebration of the battle of Lake Erie, commemorating 100 years of peace between English speaking peoples, under the auspices of the commissioners appointed by the President of the United States and the governors of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, New York, Rhode Island Kentucky, Minnesota and Louisiana.

The preparation for transferring the remains had been in progress for some time. The whole of the burial enclosure where the remains were known to be without designation of the particulyar spot, had been excavated over a circular area 60 feet in diameter. Such bones of the martyrs as had survived a century's interment were found to be numerous, but there was no complete skeleton and no means of identification. The bones were placed in a copper-lined, hermetically sealed box, and then interred in the same spot, awaiting today's exercises.

Upon the arrival of the centennial commissioners, distinguished guests and the military and naval escorts of the official party from Cedar Point at 11 o'clock this morning, a procession formed at the docks and proceeded to the ancient burial plot. The copper box containing the remains had been taken from its shallow resting place and a detail of Rhode Island militiamen lifted it to the beautiful funeral bier which had been prepared for its reception.

While this ceremony was in progress, solemn religious exercises were conducted by Right Rev. James De Wolf Perry, Jr., bishop of Rhode Island, representing the United States, and the Venerable Arch Deacon H. J. Cody, D. D., L. L. D., rector of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, for the Dominion of Canada.

The spectators stood with uncovered heads in profound silence. Bells tolled in the village churches and minute guns were fired from the naval militia ships in the harbor.

The First Light Infantry band of Rhode Island, sounded the opening notes of a dirge, as the funeral bier, beautifully draped in black satin and silk American and British flags, moved, on the shoulders of sturdy soldiers from Rhode Island, Commodore Perry's native state, toward the memorial along the road skirting the picturesque harbor of Put-in Bay.

Commissioners of the centennial, representatives of the United States and Great Britain, governors of states and distinguished guests, stood with bowed heads as the century old bones of the heroes of the Battle of Lake Erie were committed to their last resting place beneath the floor of the great memorial now rising in honor, chiefly of Commodore Perry, the American commander.

OFFICE FOR MRS. PANKHURST

New York, Sept. 11.—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has arranged that an office at the home of the Political Equality Association here be placed at the disposal of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the English militant suffragette leader as her headquarters while visiting this country. Mrs. Pankhurst will arrive here about October 18.

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PRIEST ADMITS HE KILLED GIRL

Church Gathering Evidence to Prove Him an Imposter.

New York, Sept. 15.—In the hope of branding as an imposter and psuedo priest, the Rev. Hans Schmidt, the self-confessed slayer of Anna Aumuller, victim of New York's river murder mystery, church authorities began today a sweeping investigation of Schmidt's record and his pretensions of ordination.

"We hope, of course, to be able to prove that this unspeakable monster was an imposter and that he had been using forged papers," declared Monsignor Lavelle, vicar general of the archdiocese of New York.

Had Been Suspended.

A dispatch from Mainz, Germany, says Johnannes Schmidt, belonging to the Mainz bishopric, has been long under suspension by the bishop. He disappeared from Mainz and later arrived in Munich, where he was arrested on a charge of committing a number of frauds, according to the newspapers. After he had been acquitted by the court on the ground of weak mindedness, he emigrated to New York. The Mainz episcopate was not aware that he was exercising the functions of a priest in New York.

Crime Confesse.

Schmidt, who was acting as curate of St. Joseph's Catholic Church in W. 125th street, Sunday confessed the murder of Anna Aumuller, parts of whose dismembered body were found in the Hudson river 12 days ago and are now in Hoboken morgue.

"I killed her because I loved her so much," he said. "She was so beautiful, so good, I could not let her live without me. I had made up my mind that she and I could not live together. I was a priest and must remain with my church. I could not let her go away from me."

Locked in Cell.

Sobbing out this confession of his crime, the man was locked in a cell in the Tombs prison, where, instead of collapsing, as might have been expected, he calmly went to sleep.

The solution of this, the most baffling murder mystery of years, was brought about by tracing the pillow slip in which the upper section of the dismembered torso had been wrapped. It was found a certain number of these slips had been sent from the factory in Newark to the store of George Sachs at 2768 8th avenue. Sachs had sold only two pillows. One of these was satisfactorily accounted for.

Trace Pillow Slip to Flat.

The other had been delivered with some of the furniture to a flat at 68 Bradhurst avenue. The flat had been rented by a man of clerical appearance who had occupied it with a young woman. Neither had been seen there since Sept. 2. The man had been seen there last, sneaking in and out as if he wished to avoid recognition. After waiting a few days, Inspector Faurot of the detective bureau, who had charge of the case, decided to break down the door.

As he entered he was confronted by several evidences of a crime. The floor was bloodstained and strewn with fragments of wrapping paper and pieces of cloth covered wire such as had been wound around the packages containing the dismembered torso. He found also a letter addressed to Anna Aumuller, care of St. Boniface's Catholic Church, 47th street and 2d avenue, and a photograph of the girl.

At the rectory of St. Boniface it was found the young woman formerly had been employed there as a servant, but had been discharged because of her "unsatisfactory mode of living."

The young man who had formerly been curate at St. Boniface's was traced to St. Joseph's on W. 25th street. Detectives called at the parish house and demanded to see him. Nervous and rubbing his eyes, Schmidt, who had been aroused from a sound sleep, received them in the reception room of the rectory.

"Mr. Schmidt," said Inspector Faurot, "I have come to arrest you for the murder of Anna Aumuller."

Schmidt collapsed and moaned. He was dressed in his clerical garments. Fearing he would do himself harm, the detectives seized him.

Show Photograph of Girl.

To show Schmidt that they knew who the girl was, they produced a photograph of her. It had been picked up in the house where she had been murdered. Schmidt covered his face with his hands and moaned and pleaded not to be confronted with the picture.

Later, however, he made a supreme effort to control himself and asked to be permitted to go to the bathroom. Permission was about to be given him when Inspector Faurot decided to search his prisoner. He found a razor in his pocket. After that Schmidt was carefully watched and at no time was he permitted to use his hands freely.

At police headquarters Schmidt was subjected to a close grilling by Inspector Faurot. The inspector said:

"Schmidt has admitted to us he hired the flat and took the girl there. He said at midnight, August 31, he let himself into the apartment with the key. He said he had known the girl for more than two years and was infatuated with her. Miss Aumiller was asleep in bed but he went over to her. He had a large butcher knife in his hand. He said he cut her throat before she could make an outcry. He believed he had killed her and carried her into the bathroom."

The autopsy had shown the girl was dismembered while still alive and the absence of blood in her veins had given rise to the belief that the person who had cut her to pieces had drained her so that in disposing of the body there would be no train to follow.

"I produced a diagram of the body," continued Inspector Faurot, "and showed it to him and he identified it as the way he had cut the body to pieces in the bathtub. He severed the head, then the upper part of the body, then the arms, the stomach part and her legs.

Wraps Part in Paper.

"He said he went to a neighboring store and bought a quantity of brown wrapping paper and then wrapped up each part separately.

"The next day—Sept. 1—Schmidt said he took a part of the body out of the flat. He boarded an Eighth avenue car, rode down to 125th street, took a cross town car to the Fort Lee ferry, boarded a boat and when in midstream threw the bundle into the river. He did this five times until he had disposed of the last vestige of the body, he said. Then he returned to the flat and to destroy evidence of his crime carted the mattress up to a vacant lot on 144th street and attempted to burn it. He did not succeed entirely in this, as we have bits of the mattress with the stains on it.

According to police he made a full confession, after which he was taken before Coroner Feinberg, who committed him to the Tombs until the inquest is held.

Confessed Slayer and His Victim

ANNA AUMULLER
HANS SCHMIDT

THAW A VICTOR, JEROME HALTED

U. S. Judge Suspends Indefinitely Hearing on Writ of Habeas Corpus.

Littleton, N. H., Sept. 16.—Harry Kendall Thaw, fugitive from Matteawan, won a victory in the United States district court here today when Judge Aldrich indefinitely suspended a hearing on a writ of habeas corpus obtained by the Thaw lawyers. This means that Thaw will have a federal writ to check his immediate return to New York state in the event Gov. Felker orders his extradition after the hearing to be held at Concord.

William Travers Jerome, specially deputized to bring about Thaw's return to the asylum, tried to block the postponement on the ground that the writ had been obtained as a matter of expediency. He produced an affidavit of a newspaperman, quoting Thaw's counsel as saying this, but he was unwilling to press the matter after counsel for Thaw had assured the court that the application for the writ had been entirely regular.

"What do you propose to do then?" insisted the judge.

Jerome hesitated.

"The immediate question," continued the court, "is whether the proceedings shall go on or be suspended. It is the judgment of the court that a suspension would not menace the interests of either side, and in view of the fact that the governor hesitates to proceed with the extradition hearing until the status of this matter is assured, I suspend it. It is not adjourned, but suspended, and I suggest that either side notify me within six days when they are prepared to go on with it."

Thaw sat with his eyes riveted on the court. His lawyers were grinning. He was remanded back to the joint custody of Sheriff Drew, of Coos county, who arrested him after his recent deportation from Canada, and United States Marshal Nute.

Counsel for both sides, after talking with the governor by telephone, agreed that the extradition hearing would not be held until Tuesday, September 23. The lawyers then went into conference to decide where to hold the fugitive meanwhile. Crowds, packing Main street in front of the court building, cheered Thaw as he was driven to a hotel for dinner.

In an open discussion with Mr. Jerome after announcing the suspension of the hearing, Judge Aldrich said that search of the statutes had failed to reveal to him any law under which a man in Thaw's position, a lunatic charged with a crime, could be extradited.

HOW THAW WAS FORCED OUT OF CANADA

Harry K. Thaw, fugitive from Matteawan, landed on American soil last week, against his own will. Early on the morning of September 10 he was thrust across the American border, and for a few hours, during which time he was at a loss to know what to do, was a free man. Thaw's ejection from Canada began with the breaking of a window pane. Aroused from his cot in the immigration detention room at Coaticook and told he was to be taken across the border at once, he flew into a rage, picked up a heavy glass tumbler and with all his might hurled it at the head of the nearest immigration officer. The official dodged and the tumbler crashed through a window and was smashed on the station platform below.

Five minutes later Thaw was half carried, half dragged down the stairs, forced into a waiting automobile, wedged between two Dominion police and whirled toward Norton Mills, Vermont, nine miles away. He protested throughout the short trip, but his guards ignored him. At 8:55 he was whisked past a gray stone slab marking the boundary and like a rabbit being released he was set gently down on a bit of open road. He whimpered in bewilderment. He looked north, south, east and west as if trying to decide which way to go. Half a dozen idlers stepped toward him timidly, but none tried to lay hands on him.

For perhaps half a minute Thaw stood there, his hat pulled over his eyes, his hair awry, his face unshaven, his clothes rumpled. Then, as there was nothing else to do, he climbed into the automobile of a newspaper correspondent and asked to be driven away.

Later he obtained the services of a chauffeur, and was driven from Vermont into the hills of New Hampshire, where he was picked up by a sheriff and taken to Colebrook.

GRAND ARMY IN SOUTHERN CITY

Veterans Are Holding Annual Encampment in Chattanooga.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 15.—Assembled for the first time in a southern city, more than 14,000 Union veterans were here today for the opening of the 47th annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Several thousand representatives of allied organizations meeting in this city simultaneously with the annual encampment also are here. Incoming trains throughout the day swelled the attendance, and a record crowd is predicted during the encampment week, which ends Saturday.

Today was designated as "Lookout Mountain Day." Despite a light continuous rain, which began early this morning, hundreds visited the famous battlefield along the side and on the point of Lookout mountain. Commander-in-Chief Alfred B. Beers and national officers of the G. A. R. and allied organizations were guests of the local committee this morning at a breakfast on board a steamer in the Tennessee river.

The first business meeting of the encampment was held this morning when the executive council of the administration convened. Seven departmental headquarters are already opened. They are the departments of Minnesota Commander Charles H. Taylor; Maryland, Commander Charles N. Emerich; New Hampshire, Commander David R. Roys; Ohio, Commander W. R. Warnock; Vermont, Commander Thomas Hannon; West Virginia, Commander John F. Millan, and Utah Commander Reuben Oehler.

QUITS PULPIT; IS UNDERTAKER

Greater Opportunity for Social Service, Says Pastor.

San Francisco, Sept. 12.—Another San Francisco minister is to become an undertaker, Rev. Nat Friend, pastor of the Hoard Presbyterian Church, announced today that he would resign his pastorate next Sunday in order to take up the new work.

"The undertaking field," he said, "will give me an even greater opportunity for social service than the ministry. Solacing those in sorrow and caring for the dead has been so much a part of my pastoral work that I do not look upon the change as altering materially the purpose of my life."

Several months ago Rev. Dr. Bradford Leavitt resigned the pulpit of the First Unitarian Church to become an undertaker.

HELD TO BLAME FOR WRECK

Engineer, Conductor and Flagman on New Haven Guilty.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 16.—Three employes of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad are held by Coroner Eli Mix to be criminally responsible for the disastrous wreck at North Haven on September 2, when the White Mountain express plunged through the second section of the Bar Harbor express exacting a toll of 21 lives.

The coroner's finding was filed after he had conducted a "private" inquest.

Those held to be responsible are Augustus B. Miller, engineer of the White Mountain express, and Bruce C. Adams and Charles H. Murray, conductor and flagman respectively of the Bar Harbor train. The cornor neither blames nor absolves the New Haven road. He finds that the signals were in perfect working order, "and whether the banjo signals are obsolete or not, the accident would have been prevented if the company's rules had not been violated. He declares the number of violations of rules by employes "makes a sorry record."

100 AMERICAN FUGITIVES ON MEXICAN DESERT

Washington, Sept. 15.—One hundred Americans, fugitives on the Mexican desert between Torreon and Saltillo, harrassed by bandit bands, according to unconfirmed reports, were not mentioned in the early official dispatches today, and the state department had no other information of them. Officials here were inclined to believe the Americans were in no grave danger.

Agents of the Constitutionalist movement stoutly maintained the Americans were in no donger at all and would be protected by Constitutionalist forces against any roaving maurauding bands. Officials of the consular service pointed out that the Americans passed Parras on September 11. That town is in the hands of the Constitutionalist troops, having been taken last May. An American consular agent recently took 12 days with a fast automobile to make the run between Torreon and Saltillo.

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made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

Could you use $5.00 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal card at once and say *"Send me your special offer,"* I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my surprising liberal offer.

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Dept. 564 CHICAGO

DR. COOK STILL CLAIMS THE POLE

Says the Decision Was Made by an Incompetent Committee.

Port Huron, Sept. 12.—Dr. Frederick A. Cook, once hailed as discoverer of the north pole and since branded as an impostor, declared in a recent speech here that he had been the victim of a hired press bureau and that he would seek a national investigation to prove the validity of his claims.

"I have no fight with Commodore Peary," he said. "I do not and will not say that he did not reach the north pole. I do, however, maintain that I reached it first.

"A ring was formed within the National Geographic society to discredit me with the idea of advancing Peary in the ranks of the navy.

"There were any number of men within the ranks of the National Geographical society who were competent to pass upon my claims and his and who would have acted in all fairness. Take for instance Greeley, an army man, and one of the most famous Arctic experts. Then, too, there was Admiral Schley, who 35 years ago led the largest expedition ever sent into the Arctic regions.

"None of these men was on the investigating committee simply because Willis L. Moore, then chief of the weather bureau — since dismissed in disgrace — desired Peary's advancement. The committee was composed of bench warmers who had never seen a piece of polar ice.

"On the evidence of these men, biased as they were, and the colored press dispatches sent out by a general public has convicted me of having attempted to defraud them in my claims to the discovery of the Pole.

"No nation on earth has recognized Peary's claim to the pole officially. Although granting him a pension of $6,000 a year, congress struck out of the original bill the words, discoverer of the North Pole and substituted for distinguished Arctic service. Every other nation which has given a medal to Peary has taken similar action, all refusing to commit themselves as to the actual authenticity of his claims.

"When I returned I submitted my dates to the Danes at Copenhagen. Here again the public has been misled by reports that my claims had been thrown out there. Such is not the case, and I bear today the degree of doctor of philosophy conferred upon me by the Danish government, and I have a gold medal issued by that government after its scientists had investigated the validity of my claims. The only comment made by the Danes was that, owing to the inaccuracy of all Arctic knowledge prior to that time of the discovery there was little or nothing upon which to base an accurate conclusion.

"I think that the only method of obtaining justice is to appeal to the congress of the United States, and a bill will probably be introduced at the next session making favorable mention of my claims to the discovery of the pole, and asking that I be given some recognition. This will precipitate a national investigation of the rival claims, which is just what I want.

"I have no fear that the authenticity of my claims and the right of priority will be given to me and my name will be vindicated before the American people."

COURSE IN "COUNTRY STORE"

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 12.—A course in the management of a country store is to be inaugurated in one of the state educational institutions—probably the Kansah State Agricultural College at Manhattan—according to an announcement today from the board of administration of state educational institutions. Among the subjects proposed for the new course are:

Writing advertising for country weeklies.
Decorating store windows.
Attractive interior display of goods.
Handling customers.
Pushing certain lines of goods.
Points on buying.

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We will give one $2.00 Razor free of charge to the first customer in each locality. Send 5c postage and we will send Razor for a 15 days trial. If you wish to keep it send us $1.50 for our High-Grade Strop, Hone and Brush and the Razor is yours. Address GENEVA SUPPLY CO., DEPT. 160 CHICAGO

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Best granulated cane, if ordered with $50 worth of our other groceries, or 35 lbs. for $1 if with a $10 grocery order; Toilet Soap, worth 25c, only 11c for 3 large cakes; 12 bars best 5c Naptha Soap, 35c; 3 cans Baked Beans with pork, 23c; 60c Tea, 39c; 40c Baking Powder, 17c and

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W. & H. Walker, 7106 Herr's Island Pittsburgh, Pa.

WOULD LIVEN UP THE G. O. P.

Senator Cummins, of Iowa, Wants Hilles to Call National Committee.

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 12.—Senator Cummins, of Iowa, will go to New York Monday to interview Charles D. Hilles on the advisability of calling together the Republican National committee at an early date to convene a national conference of Republicans to lay plans for rejuvenating and rehabilitating the Republican party along progressive lines.

Mr. Cummins will be accompanied by Senator Jones, of Washington, they go as a committee from the Chicago conference of Progressive Republicans called at the instance of Senator Cummins last summer to try to inject a little progressive elixir into the old party.

Cummins wants the convention called to meet in December or January in order that the effect, if there is any, shall be felt on the congressional elections next year.

The situation in the Republican organization in congress is far from encouraging. The reactionaries insist there shall be no surrender to the "half baked" Progressives. The latter retort that there can be no amalgamation between the old regular element of the Penrose-Smoot-Gallinger type and themselves.

Lafollette has apparently cut loose from the progressive Republican band in the senate and is expected to act with the Democrats in the future. He and Senator Cummins reached an open break in the closing hourh of the tariff debate in the senate. Both are believed to be receptive candidates for the Republican nomination for the presidency. Meanwhile there is a remarkable undercurrent of sentiment among all classes of Republicans in congress in favor of giving the leadership over to Col. Roosevelt if he will accept it and let him make his own platform. The colonel has shown no interest in the suggestion up to date.

MEXICAN BANDITS KILL AMERICAN

Mine Superintendent Is Cut to Pieces—Wife Crawls Out of Window.

San Francisco, Sept. 15.—Word of the murder of Morris P. Root, American superintendent of the El Tigre mines at Tepic, Mexico, was brought here yesterday by the steamer Peru, which had nearly 100 refugees aboard. The mining engineer was intercepted by a few bandits as he was on his way to join employes of the company who were preparing to defend the mine property. He was disarmed and cut to pieces.

Root was 50 years old and had been in Mexico about 16 years.

Max Lambert, another American engineer, who arrived on the Peru, was left for dead by bandits who attacked his home in the state of Tepic. Lambert's wife and child escaped by crawling through a rear window and he remained to greet the bandits whose approach was noticed when they were a mile away. They fractured his skull and left him for dead. When they departed Mrs. Lambert returned and secured aid.

The refugees were from points along the western coast of Mexico and they brought repetitions of stories of refugees who preceeded them. Western Mexico is in a state of anarchy, they said. Rebel chiefs do not recognize each other and when they are not looting and committing murder they are fighting among themselves.

Americans from the state of Durango asserted conditions there are beyond description. They said the country is overrun with bands of drunken peons who commit unspeakable crimes.

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MALE HELP WANTED.

Government Jobs—Railway Mail Clerks, City carriers, postoffice clerks. Large salaries. Short hours. Examinations everywhere coming. Specimen questions free. Franklin Institute, Desk 72, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Persons to do easy, pleasant coloring work at home. Good pay. No canvassing. No experience required. Illustrated particulars free. Helping-Hand Stores, 5458 H, So. Halsted, Chicago.

WANTED—Investigators and Detectives. $150 to $300 per month. Some traveling positions. Free particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. W-85, Chicago.

$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamps for price list paid, secure territory. C. Shepard Agency, Lebanon, N. H.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

$7 per 50 at home embroidering corner ladies' handkerchiefs. Spare time or steady. 25c for package samples, lessons, advice. Any distance, postpaid. Arabian Supply Co., Cleveland, O.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men and women over 18 for U. S. government positions, $60 to $150 month. Thousands of appointments this year. Pull unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Common education sufficient. Write for free booklet of positions open to you. Franklin Institute, Dept. T-31, Rochester N. Y.

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Oregon Book Free, sent on request. Official state book, telling of Oregon's resources, climate and agricultural opportunities for the man of moderate means. Questions will have painstaking answer—we have nothing to sell. Room 22, Portland Commercial Club, Portland, Oregon.

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THIEVES GET OVER $70,000

Washington, Sept. 11.—Fifty thousand dollars in transit from the Chase National Bank of New York to the Savannah Bank and Trust Co. was stolen from a portable safe on an Atlantic Coast Line train between Jersey City and Savannah. It should have arrived yesterday morning. Its loss became known today.

Another package containing $50,000 from New York to banks in Valdosta and Brunswick also was robbed on the same train. The seals on the $50,000 package seemed undisturbed when the robbery was discovered here.

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More power and speed for less money than ever before.

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More wheel base for less money than ever before.

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Full electric lights	33 x 4 Q. D. tires
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